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A collage of luxury items including binoculars, a cigarette pack, a ashtray, and money. The background is a solid red color. In the upper left, a pair of black binoculars is shown with a yellow tag attached to the strap that has a large 'X' on it. To the right of the binoculars is a white cylindrical object, possibly a container or a piece of paper, with a red and white label featuring the letters 'M' and 'W'. In the center, a pack of Churchman's No. 1 Special Cigarettes is open, showing several cigarettes. The pack is white with black and red text. Below the pack, a stack of British banknotes is visible, including a one-pound note and a five-pound note. In the lower right, a black ashtray contains a lit cigarette with a thick tip of ash. The overall composition suggests a theme of luxury and high society.

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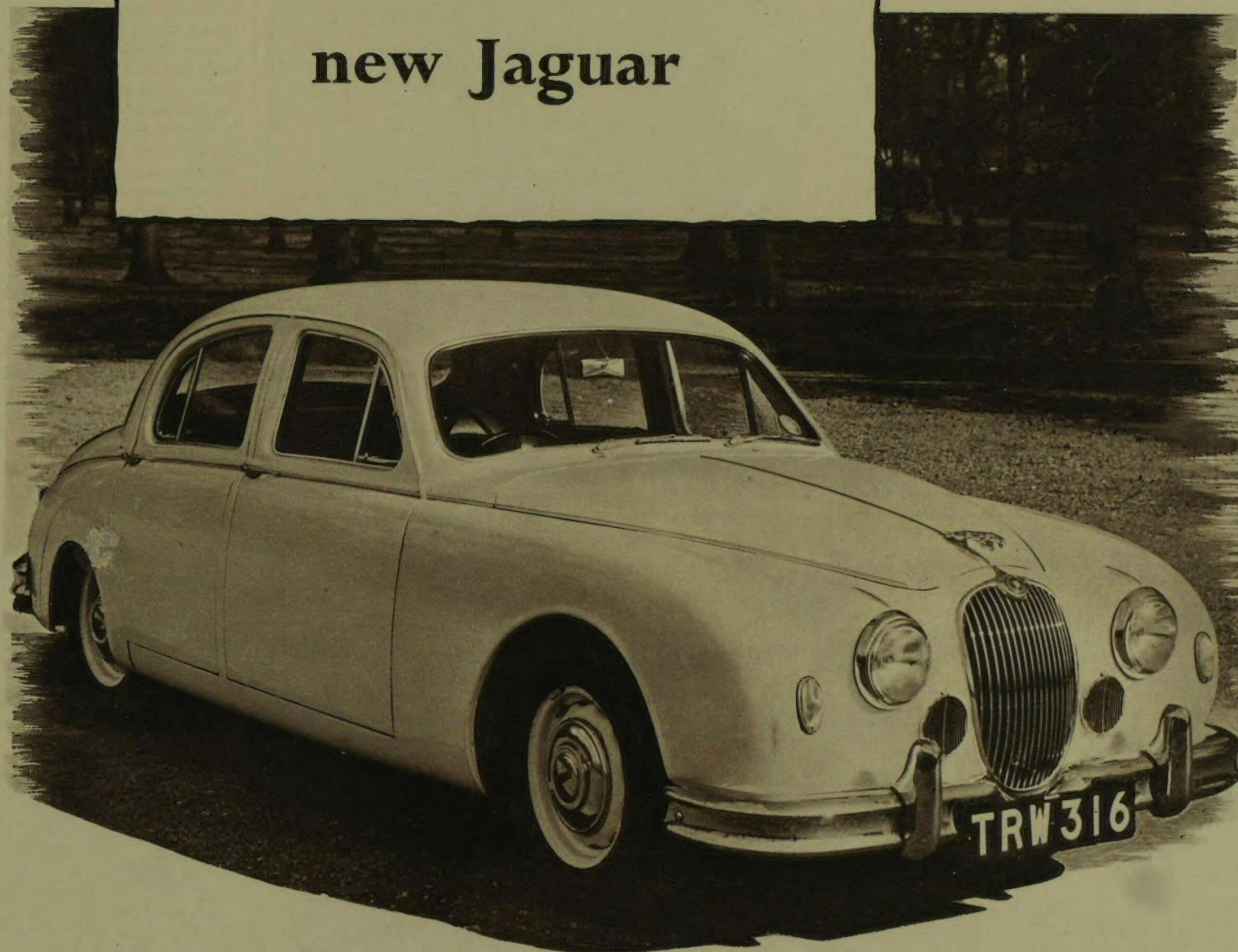
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(PICTURES)



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## PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

ONE of the more puzzling mysteries of the art trade is the way in which dealers manage to conceal so many good things until the time comes to exhibit them at the Antique Dealers' Fair, that annual occasion at Grosvenor House which, this year, is being opened on June 12 by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. With so great a shortage of exceptional works of art and a very lively market, the temptation to dispose immediately of anything very much above the average must sometimes be uncommonly difficult to resist. Herewith some notes made during a preliminary stroll one morning north from Christie's and then west to Mount Street and Davies Street.

At Spink's a noble silver coffee-pot with the handle at the side, by Joseph Ward, London, 1705; a Red Figure Nolan Amphora of about 440 B.C.; two very large Chinese cloisonné enamel bowls decorated in colours with fish and water plants; numerous carved jades of the finest sort, and a remarkable landscape of the eighteenth century made of layers of carved horn laid upon a lacquer background—an unlikely material to be used in such a manner, but none the less an attractive *tour de force*.

At Agnew's an excellent Romney, a portrait of Mrs. Montague Burgoyne, will doubtless be the most popular painting among numerous others by lesser people, among whom his contemporary, Angelica Kauffmann, is represented by a charming head of a little girl and the Dutch seventeenth century by an engagingly solemn child by Netscher in white silk and red rosettes. There are also some excellent little paintings by men whose names are scarcely known outside a very narrow circle: for

example, S. de Wilde, whose portraits of theatrical personages hang in the Garrick Club, is seen here in a lively picture of amateur theatricals, Lord Barrymore and Captain Walker playing in "The Beaux' Stratagem," by Farquhar. An even more obscure painter is Inigo Richards, known as scene-painter to Covent Garden, and now to be remembered for what appears to be his only "straight" painting. This is not a sketch for a set, but a fully-realised and carefully-constructed picture of a scene from the opera "The Maid of the Mill," performed in 1765.

At Mallett's were three imposing bureau-cabinets, one of red, one of black lacquer (the latter with the unusual feature of two bevelled mirrors in the interior), the third of fine figured walnut with carved enrichments. There were also two well-known Adam inlaid commodes brought from the Rovensky collection, New York, four walnut chairs partly gilded, of the year 1703, from Campsey Ash, Suffolk, an excellent member of the Windsor family of chairs from, presumably, the mid-eighteenth century, made of yew-wood and in the so-called "Gothic" style, and, among many small pieces suitable for flat-dwellers, a black-lacquer Queen Anne bureau.

At John Sparks, in Mount Street, an eighteenth-century mutton-fat jade libation-cup with a single spout carved with scroll designs was an outstanding example of late jade carving of an unusual type, and there were two Tang Dynasty pottery horses, one unglazed with traces of red pigment, the other a magnificent animal, the pride of any heavy-horse show anywhere in the world if he cared to compete, covered in yellow and brownish glazes.



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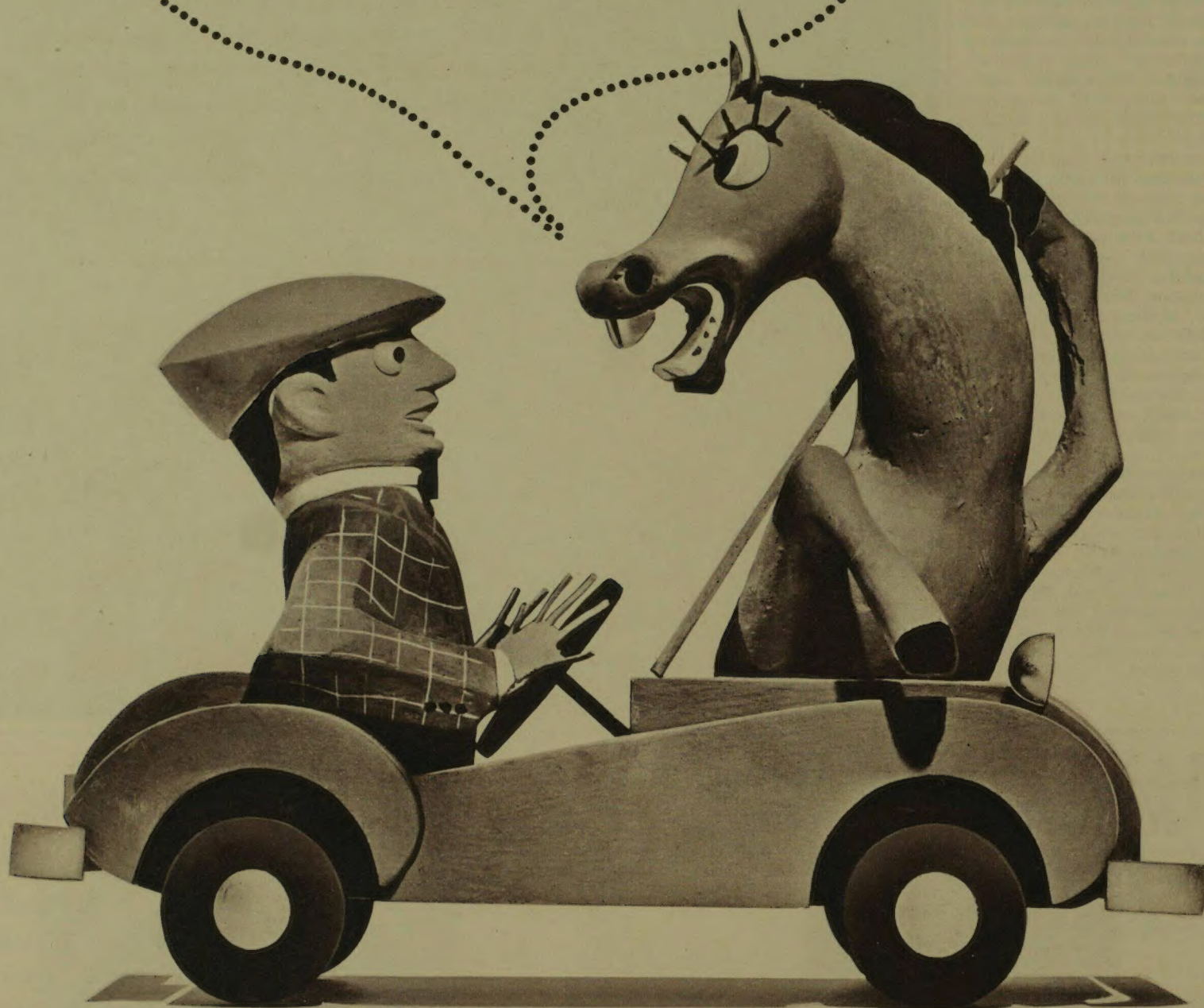
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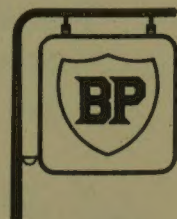
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SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1957.



WELCOME HOME : SIR ANTHONY EDEN WITH LADY EDEN, AND THEIR LABRADOR, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR WILTSHIRE COTTAGE, AFTER SIR ANTHONY'S RETURN FROM CONVALESCING IN CANADA.

Sir Anthony and Lady Eden returned to this country on June 3 in the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Britain*. They had been abroad since January 18, when they sailed from London for New Zealand. Sir Anthony Eden had an operation in the United States on April 13, and he spent the fortnight before his return home convalescing in Canada. On their arrival at Liverpool Sir Anthony and Lady Eden faced nearly a hundred newspaper

and television men when the former Prime Minister said that he did not expect to be fit enough again to take part in active politics, but that he considered himself "very lucky to be alive." A *Viking* of the Queen's Flight, placed at Sir Anthony's disposal by her Majesty, later took him and Lady Eden to Boscombe Down, Wiltshire, on their way to their cottage at Broad Chalk, eight miles from Salisbury.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THAT wise and great citizen of the world, Adlai Stevenson, pointed out the other day in an address to the Convocation of Oxford, that a change has taken place in the past few years in the popular attitude towards co-operation between Great Britain and the United States. "In the past," he said, "the battle for and against the alliance has been fought out mainly in the United States. British and European opinion, save for the Communists, has been all for it. Now the position is almost reversed." For since the last war, isolationism, formerly the most powerful force in American politics, has been largely dormant; stunned, as it were, though certainly not destroyed, by the shock of Pearl Harbour and the reverberations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and all that those terrible explosions portended. In Britain, on the other hand, isolationism—at any rate from the United States—has grown from a completely negligible force into one which, ostensibly at least, is quite formidable. This is partly the result of a curious blend of two politically diametrically opposing attitudes: that, on the one hand, of so-called "progressive" elements who contend that a declining Britain's proper course is to withdraw from power-politics and entangling alliances and sink into a resigned and pacific neutralism like that of Switzerland or Denmark, and, on the other hand, that of the more old-fashioned kind of Tory and imperialist who, resentful at the loss of British wealth, power and influence to American interests and at the unwonted position of junior partner to the formerly provincial and still, as they feel, rather *nouveau riche* Republic, demand that a resurgent Britain should free herself from a degrading dependence on Washington and "go it alone," as in the glorious days of Lord Salisbury and Palmerston.

Yet, as Adlai Stevenson said, everywhere one looks it is apparent how much the combination of British and American power, prestige and ideals can benefit the free world, and how dangerous any threat to that association is. "I do not like what I hear about our crumbling alliance; and it seems more imperative than ever. . . . There is no such margin of strength on our side of the Iron Curtain that we can afford to split up. The pages of history are sprinkled with examples of men who thought they could play the rôle of umpire and finished up in that of victim."\* If Britain and the United States fail to stand together their great common cause—one they derive from the same Christian fount, "the concept of the supreme worth of human personality"—will go by default. For the Marxists, the iron totalitarians who rule in the Kremlin, will have none of it. They have crushed it in their own country, they have crushed it in Catholic Hungary, they will crush it, if it dares to raise its head, in Catholic Poland. Against the authoritarian creed that the individual counts for nothing when set in the scales against the dogmas of Communism or the convenience of the bureaucratic State the Anglo-Saxon parliamentary democracies of the West have, declared Mr. Stevenson, "one ultimate goal and common justification, the well-being, the dignity, the survival of the individual. The freedom of the individual is the great goal of government. All the political devices we have contrived have that justification."

Leaving aside the question whether the growing abrogation of economic liberty in Britain and the growing power of inquisitorial political tribunals in America are calculated to further the achievement of that goal, the average English-speaking man on both sides of the Atlantic still undoubtedly

shares a belief in freedom and a dislike—its inevitable corollary—to arbitrary processes and the rule of force. He believes, in the words of the great seventeenth century Lord Halifax, that "all force is a kind of foul play." Faced, as we both are, by the threat of armed men of infinite ambition who have no such belief, it is our common interest to be true to one another. Both peoples, however, so successful in sinking their rivalries and mutual suspicions in war, have still much to learn of one another. "I hope," said Mr. Stevenson, "we Americans have learned a lesson about the hazards of subordinating foreign policy to domestic politics from recent experience, just as I hope our French and British friends have learned some lessons about the conditions of successful coalition."

What the Americans have to learn is mainly an American's business.

#### A YOUNG ROYAL READER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE DANISH THRONE: SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS MARGRETHE, WHO RECENTLY HELPED HER PARENTS TO ENTERTAIN OUR QUEEN.

Princess Margrethe, the seventeen-year-old eldest daughter of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, who is heir-presumptive to the Danish throne, spent a year at school in England and is now receiving private tuition at home. The Princess helped her parents to entertain our Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their recent State visit to Denmark. She was born on April 16, 1940, at Amalienborg Palace, only a few days after the German Wehrmacht occupied Denmark, and spent the first years of her life under the constraints imposed by the occupation. Her sisters Princess Benedikte and Princess Anne-Marie were born in 1944 and 1946 respectively. Princess Margrethe has been heir-presumptive since 1953, when her father, King Frederik, signed a new constitution under which the succession is no longer confined to the male line.

Both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Fairbanks stressed the same common Anglo-American obligation to mankind: to make the rule of law, which we have both inherited from a common past, prevail in the international sphere in place of the rule of violence, of what Mr. Lester Pearson, of Canada, has termed "the Balance of Terror." "Our problem to-day," said Adlai Stevenson, "is not to reimpose external control but to prevent others from doing so." To establish, propagate and, if necessary, enforce, that is, the rule of law. We in this country have, by and large, been engaged, at home and abroad, in pursuing that difficult task—and not always unsuccessfully—for several centuries, and now that we find ourselves joined in it with the United States as senior partner, it behoves us to hail that partnership as the best hope of our own and the human future, and to play the game to the utmost of our bent. It is the historic course of our destiny.

\* Daily Telegraph, May 25, 1957. Mr. Adlai Stevenson's Address to the Convocation of Oxford University.



## FROM MORAY FIRTH TO CORNWALL: ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND A CENTENARY.



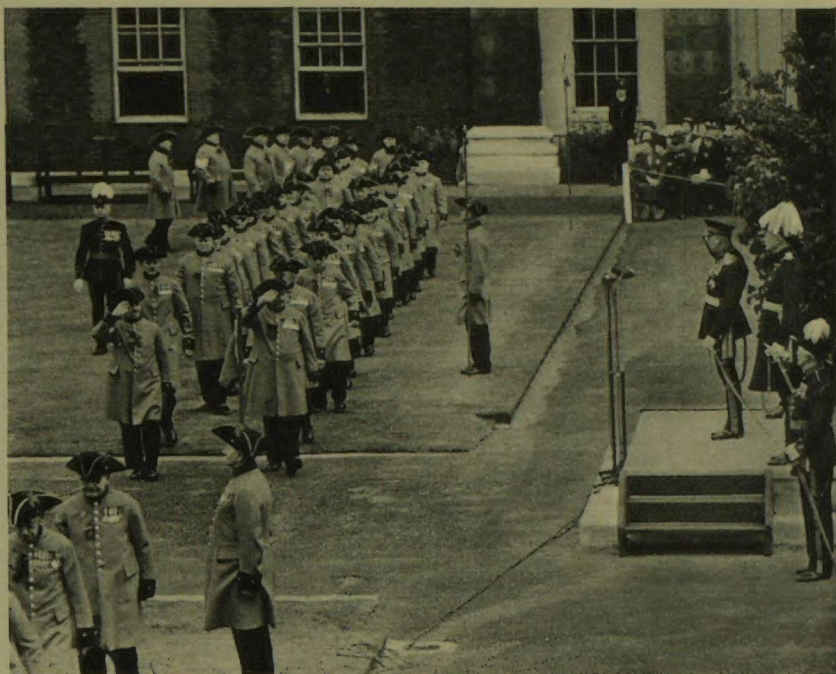
AT THE END OF HER VISIT TO THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY ON MAY 28: THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING THE COLLEGE. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is Chancellor of the University of London, visited the Imperial College of Science and Technology, and opened the Roderic Hill Building, which commemorates the life and service of Air Chief Marshal Sir Roderic William Hill.



HER FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT AFTER HER CHILL: PRINCESS MARGARET AT NEWINGTON, WHERE SHE LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH. The eleventh-century church of St. Mary at Newington, London, was burnt out in an air raid in 1941. On May 30 Princess Margaret went to Newington to lay the foundation-stone of the new church, which is being rebuilt on the same site. She is seen here leaving after the ceremony.



A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME AT LOSSIEMOUTH: CROWDS IN THE GAILY-DECORATED HARBOUR WAVING AND CHEERING AS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE. At the conclusion of their visit to the Home Fleet on May 29 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh disembarked from the Royal yacht at Lossiemouth, from where the Queen flew to London and the Duke to Sandringham. The Royal visitors were given a tremendous welcome at this small fishing port in Moray Firth.



AT THE FOUNDER'S DAY PARADE AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, ON MAY 29: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER TAKING THE SALUTE. The Duke of Gloucester, accompanied by the Duchess of Gloucester, took the salute at the annual Founder's Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which was founded by Charles II. All who attended the parade wore the traditional oak-apple emblem.



THE D.C.L.I. LUCKNOW CENTENARY SERVICE AT BODMIN: THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT ABOUT TO HAND THE LUCKNOW FLAG TO THE VICAR. The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry held their Lucknow Centenary Service in the parish church at Bodmin on May 26. During the service the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General Eveleigh, handed the Lucknow Flag to the Vicar for laying-up.



A MEMENTO OF HER VISIT TO LOSSIEMOUTH: THE QUEEN SMILING AFTER RECEIVING A "GREEN HIGHLANDER" SALMON FLY FROM CHARLES, THE SON OF PROVOST LYON DEAN.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: COUNTESS LUBIENSKA'S BURIAL, AN ASSASSINATION IN PARIS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



ISSUED BY SCOTLAND YARD: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF COUNTESS LUBIENSKA.

(Right.) A MODEL OF THE NEW FESTIVAL HALL WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED AT SALZBURG. THE NEW HALL, WHICH HAS BEEN DESIGNED BY PROFESSOR CLEMENS HOLZMEISTER, HAS BEEN MADE NECESSARY BY THE CONSTANTLY INCREASING SIZE OF THE AUDIENCES AT SALZBURG. THE NEW HALL WILL HOLD 2200 PEOPLE.



AT GLOUCESTER ROAD TUBE STATION: POLICE DETECTIVES RECONSTRUCTING THE MURDER OF COUNTESS LUBIENSKA.

The burial of Countess Lubienka, whose murder at Gloucester Road Underground station on May 24 was reported in our last issue, took place at Brompton Cemetery on June 1 after a Requiem Mass had been held in Brompton Oratory. Police were still tracking the murderer. Countess Lubienka was posthumously awarded the Polish Gold Medal of Merit with swords.

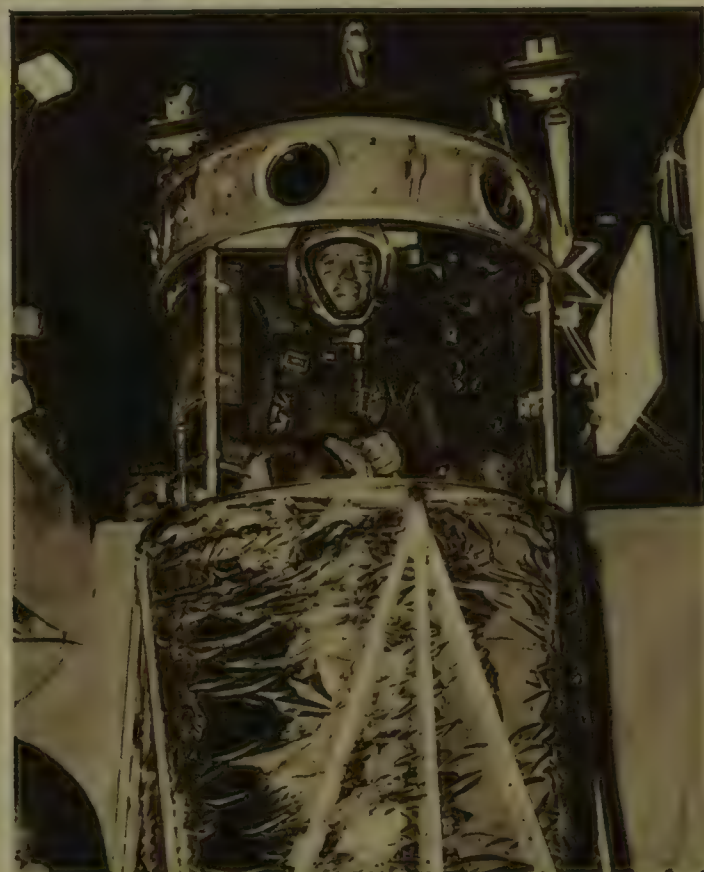


AFTER A SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS HAD BEEN HELD IN BROMPTON ORATORY: THE BURIAL OF COUNTESS LUBIENSKA AT BROMPTON CEMETERY.



AN ALGERIAN STATESMAN ASSASSINATED IN PARIS: A SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL OF M. ALI CHEKKAL, WHO WAS SHOT AT COLOMBES STADIUM ON MAY 26.

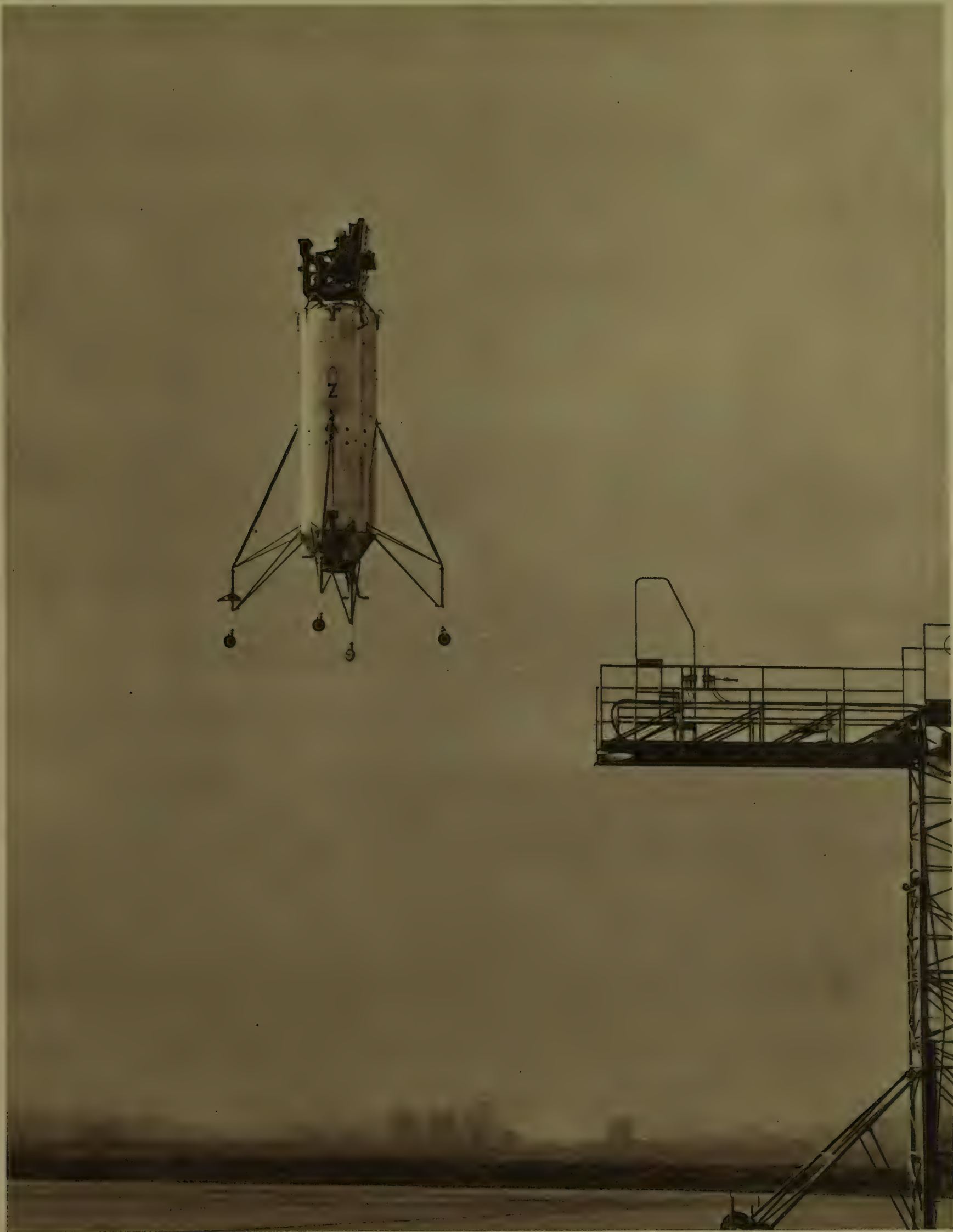
The funeral of M. Ali Chekkal, an Algerian statesman who was a leading supporter of the French cause in Algeria and whose assassination is reported elsewhere in this issue, took place in Paris on May 29. In the search for accomplices of the man charged with murdering M. Chekkal large numbers of Algerians were arrested.



A NEW ALTITUDE RECORD: CAPTAIN J. W. KITTINGER, WHO ASCENDED TO A HEIGHT OF OVER 18 MILES BY BALLOON, SEEN BEFORE HIS FLIGHT.

On June 2, Captain J. W. Kittinger, of the U.S. Air Force, created a new altitude record for a manned balloon flight when he ascended to a height of 96,000 ft. He took off from St. Paul, Minnesota.





WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT: THE *ATAR VOLANT*, A WEIRD NEW FLYING MACHINE, DURING A DEMONSTRATION ON JUNE 2 AT LE BOURGET IN THE COURSE OF THE TWENTY-SECOND SALON DE L'AERONAUTIQUE.

One of the most remarkable exhibits shown in the twenty-second Salon de l'Aéronautique at Le Bourget, near Paris, was the *Atar Volant*, an experimental aircraft which is suspended in the air by its downwards-pointing jet engine and which has no wings. The strange-looking machine was shown on June 2 and this was its first major public demonstration. (The *Atar Volant* has previously made many tethered flights and a demonstration free flight, which was reported in our issue of May 25, has also been made.) The *Atar Volant*, flown by a test pilot, M. Auguste Morel, first rose—with its engine roaring and amid clouds of dust stirred up by the

jet—to a height of 50 ft. and then demonstrated its ability to travel sideways. Next, the machine rotated rapidly about its vertical axis, a manoeuvre which drew enthusiastic applause from the spectators. In acknowledgment, M. Morel took both hands from the controls of his weird flying machine and waved. Following this, the *Atar Volant* climbed to a height of over 1000 ft. and then descended speedily and made a gentle landing. As he climbed from the machine M. Morel was again warmly applauded. The *Atar Volant* has been built by S.N.E.C.M.A. (the Société Nationale d'Etude et de Construction de Moteurs d'Aviation) and was begun in 1952.

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THE announcements and comments which followed the visit of Dr. Adenauer to Washington were of extreme subtlety and expressed delicate shades of meaning. The subject of the talks had been delicate. Their main object had been to effect a compromise between the attitudes of the Governments of the United States and the Federal Republic of Germany to disarmament negotiations with Soviet Russia, and in particular to the priority to be given to disarmament and to the reunification of Germany. This object appears to have been achieved. We do not know that agreement was as full in private as it was stated to be in public, but the atmosphere was cordial. The prestige of the German Chancellor was certainly increased, at home as well as abroad, by this visit.

The main features of the announcement made on the conclusion of the conversations are to be found in two phrases. It was stated that any large disarmament agreement must "presuppose a prior solution of the problem of German reunification," and that the latter was "a major objective" of the United States and German Governments. "Presuppose" is an important word. It does not mean anything as strong as "involve efforts to attain." It defines the spirit, the understanding, the ambient mood in which the approach to disarmament must be made. In this respect it does mark a compromise, since the earlier attitude of Dr. Adenauer had been one of conviction that only by maintenance of military strength could it be hoped to obtain any concessions from Russia.

So in the London discussions the problem of Germany will apparently not come up while initial and partial measures of disarmament are under consideration. Even this is qualified by the remark of Mr. Dulles that he "would not be the one to say" that initial stages would not include Europe. He also made it clear that nothing would be decided in the disarmament negotiations in London without the consent of the European countries concerned. It may be thought that there is more than a little vagueness in these pronouncements, but this is perhaps natural in view of the fact that, though the prospects of these negotiations seem brighter than they have been for some time, there can be no certainty that any great progress will be made. In these circumstances Mr. Dulles's aim, to "get going somewhere, somehow," is appropriate.

Among the proposals of Dr. Adenauer was that of a Four-Power Conference if an initial success were gained in London. Again there was a difference in approach, though not a clash of views, at all events in public. Mr. Dulles did not rule out such a conference, but he did not expect one immediately, or, apparently, in the near future. He did not consider—and there was reason for his caution—that, however favourably the London talks developed, this business would be rapid. We may recall that the last negotiations opened with promise and that disappointment followed.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DISARMAMENT AND REUNIFICATION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

On the other hand, this time it does seem that Russia is genuinely desirous of a partial agreement at least. The weight of armaments which the country is bearing is a handicap to economic betterment, for which the call is urgent. It may not be urgent enough to bring out on the Russian side proposals which will appear reasonable to the West, but it is there none the less. The United States may also be ready to come closer to the Russian outlook, as already made clear, on two major points: the location of zones of inspection and the reduction of conventional forces. Thus both sides may have something to contribute to the ending of deadlock. The United States Government has clearly decided to act in face of some of the advice given to it, which is based on the belief that Russian advances are insincere and not to be trusted.

Dr. Adenauer combines stubborn resolution

least, Britain and France, are well satisfied with the Washington statement that it was not the purpose of the United States and German Governments to gain any one-sided military advantage from the reunification of Germany. Again an obscure saying, which might almost cover the prospect of a future united and neutral Germany.

When questions such as disarmament, German reunification, and the connections between them crop up, official spokesmen will often make some statements of importance, as has occurred in this case, but avoid the most scabrous factor. I have before now voiced my belief, here and elsewhere, that there is one development which Russia would not only oppose at a conference table but would be prepared to oppose with arms. This would be German reunification coupled with free elections under international observation and with the maintenance of the present West German defence programme. This is not an absolute certainty—very little is where Russian policy is concerned—but it is credited by much sound and instructed British military opinion, and doubtless American also.

A fair and free reunion of the two Germanys might not result in a régime of the complexion of the

present Adenauer Government in Western Germany, but there can be little doubt that it would produce one generally favouring the free European ideal. Russia might put up with that, provided that the reunited Germany were not already well armed and were not left with the ability to carry out a further military expansion. But a Germany permitted the three forms of liberty—reunion on her own terms, freedom of choice in political alignment, and independence in framing her military future—would be a very different matter. Can anyone seriously assert that a settlement on these lines can at present be expected? I think not, even though Russia may be anxious for some measures of disarmament and not inflexibly opposed to German reunification *per se*.

It is no solution of this difficulty to say that these three forms of liberty

are the rights of independent nations, since it is hard enough in these days to cling on to independence, and still more difficult to recover it. Nor shall I venture to-day on an opinion as to whether or not the friends and partners of the Federal Republic and the Republic itself ought to consider some agreed modification of these rights in the interests of disarmament and reunification. Yet though no one in official circles has uttered a word in public about this subject, I feel sure that it is the one which really matters, and that it has been surveyed by the Federal Chancellor and the President of the United States. Whatever may happen, I fancy that one prophecy of Mr. Dulles will prove correct. He said he did not believe that a Four-Power Conference was just round the corner.

N.B.—In our issue of May 25 we gave the address of The Hanover Bank (mistakenly called the Hanover Bank of America) as Berkeley Square. The correct address is: The Hanover Bank, 10, Mount Street, London, W.1.



DURING THEIR TALKS AT THE WHITE HOUSE, IN WASHINGTON: (L. TO R.) PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, MR. DULLES (U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE), THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR, DR. ADENAUER, AND HERR VON BRENTANO (THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER).

The West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, accompanied by a party of thirty, including his Foreign Minister, arrived in America on May 24 for his fifth series of conversations with President Eisenhower and the State Department, which opened in Washington on May 27. The communiqué issued at the end of the talks included an American assurance that German reunification would be considered as a factor in U.S. disarmament plans. Captain Falls discusses these important talks in his article this week.

with a strain of high political sagacity. He and his Government have a stiff test before them in the West German elections. By giving precedence to the disarmament negotiations, while insisting that they should not prejudice German reunion, he has not only gained kudos in the international world, but scored a point—a perfectly fair one—against his political opponents. He has, indeed, gone some way towards making their policy his own and so stealing their thunder. He has a way of emerging from a scrimmage with the ball in his hands just when it looks as though he were blocked.

Meanwhile, the complexity of the issue was shown by the fact that, on May 29, the permanent Council of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, under its newly-appointed Secretary-General, M. Spaak, also discussed the question, and Mr. Stassen and M. Moch came over from their work on the disarmament negotiations for the occasion. It was evidently intended to show that this was a subject on which N.A.T.O. could not be left in the shadows. Two of its members at



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Above.)

**CAEN, FRANCE.** AT THE OPENING OF THE REBUILT UNIVERSITY: QUEEN ELISABETH OF THE BELGIANS WITH (LEFT) THE RECTOR AND (RIGHT) THE FRENCH MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

Caen University, which was founded in 1432 by Henry VI of England, was destroyed during the fighting of the invasion in 1944. It has since been reconstructed with the help of many contributions from France and other countries. Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians, who has given many thousands of books to the University, was a guest of honour at the opening ceremony, which was attended also by representatives from twenty-four countries. Among the recipients of honorary degrees was Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Gladwyn Jebb accepting the degree on his behalf; and in the oration homage was paid to H.M. the Queen, "the descendant of the suzerain and founder of the university."

(Right.)

**CAEN, FRANCE.** AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE REBUILT UNIVERSITY OF CAEN, WHICH WAS OPENED ON JUNE 1, IN A CEREMONY ATTENDED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF 112 UNIVERSITIES.



**THE VATICAN CITY.** THE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S DURING THE BEATIFICATION OF THE FRENCH NUN, SISTER MARY OF PROVIDENCE, WHO FOUNDED IN 1856 THE ORDER OF SISTERS HELPERS OF THE HOLY SOULS IN PURGATORY.



**MAFRAK, JORDAN.** AT THE HANDING OVER OF THE R.A.F. BASE, KING HUSSEIN (ON DAIS) SALUTES AS THE BRITISH FLAGS ARE SUPERSEDED BY THE JORDANIAN.

On May 31, the British Ambassador to Jordan, Mr. Charles Johnston, officially handed over the Mafrak Airport to King Hussein; and the Union Flag and R.A.F. ensign were hauled down and replaced by the Jordan flag and the Jordan Air Force ensign.



**BOLU, TURKEY.** THE PRECARIOUSLY HANGING SPIRE OF A MINARET, IN BOLU, DISPLACED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF MAY 26. Less than a month after the Fethiye earthquake, in which eighteen people were killed, a prolonged series of tremors around Bolu, in Northern Turkey, caused the death of some forty-six people and the destruction or damage of about 2000 houses.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



**ALGERIA.** SCENE OF THE MASSACRE OF OVER 300 MUSLIMS BY NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT REBELS: THE VILLAGE OF CASBAH, NEAR MELOUZA, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



**ALGERIA.** AFTER THE DREADFUL MASSACRE: PEOPLE FROM NEIGHBOURING MOUNTAIN-TOP VILLAGES HELP TO BURY THE DEAD IN CASBAH.

On May 29 more than 300 Muslim men and boys, the entire male population of Casbah, a village near Melouza, in Eastern Algeria, were massacred by National Liberation Front (F.L.N.) rebels. The motive for the slaughter was said to be the objection of the villagers to the murder by the rebels of a family whom they thought favourable to the French.



**SOUTH PACIFIC.** THE FIVE-MAN CREW OF THE BAMBOO RAFT *TAHITI-NUI* TRYING TO MANŒUVRE THEIR CRAFT NEAR THE CHILEAN RESCUE VESSEL.

The bamboo raft *Tahiti-Nui*, in which M. Eric de Bisschop and four men were trying to cross the Pacific from Tahiti to Chile, sank under tow about 250 miles from Juan Fernandez Island on May 26. M. de Bisschop and his crew were rescued by the Chilean frigate *Baquedano* which answered distress signals from the raft. The raft had covered over 3,400 miles.



**SOUTH PACIFIC.** OFF THE COAST OF CHILE: THE CHILEAN FRIGATE *BAQUEDANO* TAKING THE BAMBOO RAFT *TAHITI-NUI*, WHICH SANK LATER, IN TOW.



**ITALY.** FOUND NOT GUILTY AT THE END OF THE MONTESI TRIAL IN VENICE: (L. TO R.) PIERO PICCIONI, SAVERIO POLITO AND UGO MONTAGNA.

Italy's most far-reaching post-war trial ended in Venice on May 28, when the Tribunal found Piero Piccioni, son of a former Italian Foreign Minister, Not Guilty of the manslaughter of Wilma Montesi in 1953. Also acquitted were Ugo Montagna, a real estate dealer, and Saverio Polito, Rome's former police chief, who had both been accused of being accessories.



**WYOMING, U.S.A.** ON THE SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINSIDE NINETEEN DAYS AFTER HER AIRCRAFT CRASHED THERE: MRS. DALTON LEMASURIER WITH HER RESCUERS.

On May 11, the aircraft in which Mrs. Dalton LeMasurier, aged forty-six, was flying from Minnesota with her husband, crashed on Ferris Mountain, near Rawlins, Wyoming. Her husband died after three days, but Mrs. LeMasurier was alive when rescuers reached her nineteen days later, and she is said to be making a good recovery.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**WASHINGTON, U.S.A. TO REPLACE TEMPORARY BUILDINGS: A MODEL OF THE NEW £1,150,000 OFFICE BLOCK TO BE BUILT IN THE BRITISH EMBASSY GROUNDS.**  
The Ministry of Works announced on May 29 that a new office block is to be built in the grounds of the British Embassy in Washington. The new offices will bring together many members of the Embassy staff at present working in temporary buildings and in other parts of the city.



**TEXAS, U.S.A. IN A STATE WHICH HAS SUFFERED FROM OVER FORTY DAYS OF FLOODING AND TORNADOES: A FLOODED DISTRICT IN FORT WORTH.**

Districts in the Fort Worth and Dallas area of Texas have suffered from flooding after renewed heavy rainfall, and about 6000 people have had to evacuate their homes. Damage has also been caused in Oklahoma and Arkansas, and by May 27 sixty-seven people had lost their lives.



**HONG KONG. THE RESULT OF TORRENTIAL RAINS AND LANDSLIDES: CARS BURIED IN MUD BROUGHT DOWN BY THE FLOODS.**

Torrential rainstorms, accompanied by violent thunderstorms, recently struck Hong Kong. On May 28 twenty-six people were reported killed and 8000 had been made homeless. Mud was swept down into the streets from near-by hillsides.



**YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA, U.S.A. FIRING A "BATTLE-SIZE" NUCLEAR WEAPON: THE GLOWING FIREBALL FORMING AFTER THE EXPLOSION.**

On May 28 a "battle-size" nuclear device was exploded at Yucca Flats, Nevada. It had the force of 10,000 tons of T.N.T., half that of the atom bombs dropped on Japan. After the explosion it was announced that valuable scientific data had been obtained and that the fall-out was expected to be light and long delayed. To reduce the danger from fall-out, the bomb was fired from a 500-ft. tower.



**YUCCA FLATS, NEVADA, U.S.A. AFTER THE FIREBALL: A TALL "MUSH-ROOM" PLUMES INTO THE SKY, WHILE A SECOND FORMS AT ITS BASE.**



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



MADRID, SPAIN. AT THE STATE BANQUET FOR THE PERSIAN ROYAL VISIT: (L. TO R.) GENERAL FRANCO, QUEEN SORAYA, DONNA CARMEN FRANCO AND THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

(Right.)

TOLEDO, SPAIN. THE SHAH OF PERSIA (WEARING DARK GLASSES) WITH GEN. FRANCO AND OFFICERS OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL OF THE ALCAZAR, LOOKING AT A MODEL OF THE FAMOUS ALCAZAR OF TOLEDO.

During their State visit to Spain, the Shah of Persia and Queen Soraya have been lavishly entertained. During his tour the Shah visited the Military Academy at the Alcazar, Toledo. Our readers may recall that during the long siege of the Alcazar in the Civil War, bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* were used to block windows; and these bullet-riddled volumes are still preserved in a room of the ruined Alcazar, as recorded in a drawing by the late Bryan de Grineau in our issue of March 6, 1954.



TAIPEH, FORMOSA. A CHINESE RIOTER, ONE OF THOSE WHO WRECKED THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN FORMOSA, WAVING FROM THE EMBASSY BALCONY MAPS TORN FROM ITS WALLS.

As reported in our last issue, a Chinese mob estimated at several thousand, attacked the U.S. Embassy in Taipei on May 24, tore down and ripped up the U.S. flag and wrecked the offices—in protest at the acquittal of a U.S. soldier charged with the manslaughter of a Chinese. A U.S. protest was made to the Chinese Nationalist Government; and President Chiang Kai-shek has sent his profound regrets to President Eisenhower and has dismissed three senior officers.



ATHENS, GREECE. MR. KARAMANLIS, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER, WATCHING A GROUP OF M74 TANKS (DELIVERED FROM AMERICA UNDER THE MUTUAL SECURITY PROGRAMME) MOVING PAST IN A LONG LINE ON A HILLSIDE SOME TEN MILES FROM ATHENS.



ARLON, BELGIUM. THE CEREMONY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TO GENERAL PATTON, THE COMMANDER OF THE U.S. THIRD ARMY IN THE NORTH-WEST EUROPE CAMPAIGN. THE PLAQUE OF THE MEMORIAL IS BY M. VICTOR DIMANET.



COURTRAI, BELGIUM. KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (LEFT) LEAVING AFTER THE UNVEILING OF A MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF THE LYS AND THE BELGIAN CAMPAIGN OF MAY 1940. WITH THE KING IS HIS BROTHER, PRINCE ALBERT.



# KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES IN ENGLAND: TRIBAL DANCES FOR THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



PART OF THE K.A.R. CONTINGENT IN ENGLAND: THE DRILL SQUAD OF MEN FROM THE 6TH AND 2/6TH BATTALIONS FROM TANGANYIKA.



FIFTY-FIVE STRONG: THE BAND OF THE 4TH (UGANDA) BATTALION AND DRUMS OF THE 6TH (TANGANYIKA) BATTALION OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.



A DUEL BETWEEN WARRIORS OF THE NANDI TRIBES: REHEARSING AN ITEM OF THE PROGRAMME WHICH THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES WILL PRESENT IN LONDON.

(Above.) DRESSED IN TRIBAL CLOTHING AND READY TO TAKE PART IN DANCES WHICH ARE TO BE PART OF THE PROGRAMME THEY WILL PRESENT AT EARLS COURT: MEN OF THE K.A.R.

ONE of the new and keenly-anticipated items in the programme of the Royal Tournament, which was scheduled to open at Earls Court on June 5, was the appearance of the contingent of the King's African Rifles from East Africa. The party was 115 Askaris strong and was accompanied by six Europeans. The contingent included a band of fifty-five, made up of the band of the 4th (Uganda) Bn. and the corps of drums of the 6th (Tanganyika) Bn.; and a drill detachment from the 6th and 2/6th Bns. In charge of the detachment is Major G. H. H. Coles, East Yorkshire Regiment, serving with the 4th Bn. K.A.R. Their programme, which was to conclude with a drill display, aimed to depict how Africans join the King's African Rifles in East Africa, and opened with Jaluo, Nandi and Wakamba dressed in tribal clothing and taking part in stirring and vigorous tribal dances.

(Right.) REHEARSING THEIR FANTASTIC DANCES FOR THE SHOW IN WHICH THEY DEPICT HOW THE TRIBESMAN OF EAST AFRICA IS TURNED INTO AN ASKARI OF THE K.A.R.







"ARTIFICIAL RAIN" IN ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST FAMOUS MARKET GARDENS: A DRAWING

It was with deep regret that in our issue of May 25 we announced the death (on May 18) of the late Captain Bryan de Grineau, who had been one of our Special Artists for so many years; and we feel sure that it is a regret that many of our readers will share. He is perhaps best known of recent years for his studies of famous public schools, their architecture and aspects of their life, though many will remember his vivid drawings of the war and particularly the

invasion of Europe, which he followed as the only official artist to be accredited to a British newspaper. There were few subjects, however, that he could not tackle; and this drawing, one of those made shortly before the onset of his last illness, was one of several made at Hurst Farm, Milford, one of the famous market produce farms of Mr. F. A. Secrett. These farms are famous not only for their efficiency and modernity and for the success with which they are run,

*Specially drawn for "The Illustrated*



MADE BY THE LATE BRYAN DE GRINEAU SHORTLY BEFORE THE ONSET OF HIS LAST ILLNESS.

but also for the number of apt pupils of the art and craft of market gardening which they turn out. Hurst Farm was taken over by Mr. Secrett in 1937 and was then of 189 acres; but it has since been increased considerably. It was originally very poor land with the one great merit for a market garden of having a soil that could be worked at every season of the year; and it has now, of course, been worked up to a very high standard of fertility. A notable

*London News" by Bryan de Grineau.*

feature of it is the "artificial rain" which we show—in other words, irrigation equipment installed on more than half the acreage. By this means (when the drawing was made) eight acres could be irrigated at once and in eight hours the equivalent of one inch of rain put on the land. The water-tanks from which this water is pumped can, at need, have plant food and valuable trace elements introduced into the water to any predetermined quantity.



## HER MAJESTY WITH HER NAVY: SCENES DURING THE VISIT TO THE HOME FLEET.



DURING THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE HOME FLEET: THE SCENE ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. ALBION AS THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA STEAMED PAST.



IN H.M.S. ALBION: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH VICE-ADMIRAL M. L. POWER, CAPTAIN R. M. SMEETON AND ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ECCLES, BEING BROUGHT TO THE FLIGHT DECK IN THE AIRCRAFT LIFT.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE LATEST OF THE CARRIERS IN THE HOME FLEET: HER MAJESTY BEING PIPED ON BOARD H.M.S. ARK ROYAL.

The Queen saw her Home Fleet for the first time since the great assembly of warships at the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead in 1953, when she paid a three-day visit to them on May 27, 28 and 29 at the end of her visit to Denmark. The visit was also a historic occasion in that it is likely that it was the last review of the Home Fleet in its present form. The next occasion of this kind may well see it regrouped into one or two task forces as visualised in the recent Defence White Paper. At the end of the visit



ON HER ARRIVAL FOR THE CONCERT IN H.M.S. ALBION: THE QUEEN BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY JUNIOR SEAMAN R. SEARL, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE CARRIER'S CREW.



AT THE CONCERT GIVEN IN THE HANGAR OF H.M.S. ALBION: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ECCLES, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, HOME FLEET (RIGHT).

the Queen sent a signal to Admiral Sir John Eccles, the Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, in which she said that she had been "greatly impressed by the fine bearing of the officers and men and by the smart appearance of the ships," and she referred to "the skill and dash" with which the air operations had been carried out from *Ark Royal*. After sending her congratulations to all officers and men, her Majesty ended her signal with the ever-welcome order to "Splice the mainbrace."



# THE QUEEN WITH HER HOME FLEET: SOME SCENES ON BOARD H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL*.



ON BOARD H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL*: H.M. THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE AIR CREWS WHO TOOK PART IN A FLYING DISPLAY.

THE Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh ended their three-day visit to the Home Fleet on May 29, when they went on board the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal*, the latest of the carriers in the Home Fleet, and went to sea to watch flying demonstrations. The Queen was received on board H.M.S. *Ark Royal* by Vice-Admiral M. L. Power, Flag Officer, Aircraft-Carriers, and the captain of the ship, Captain F. H. E. Hopkins. During their three hours on board, the Queen and the Duke saw something of the great offensive power of a modern capital ship. Aircraft were launched from and landed on the flight-deck, and a mock battle was staged which the Queen watched on a radar screen in the carrier's operations room. An enclosed structure had been specially erected on the compass platform from which the Royal visitors watched a display by *Wyverns* and a rocket attack on a towed target; they also saw a helicopter rescue operation.

(Right.) IN A SPECIALLY ERECTED STRUCTURE ON THE COMPASS PLATFORM: THE QUEEN WATCHING AIRCRAFT TAKING OFF FROM THE 36,800-TON CARRIER H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL* FOR FLYING DEMONSTRATIONS.



AS THE ROYAL YACHT APPROACHED CROMARTY FIRTH: SQUADRONS OF NAVAL AIRCRAFT FORMING THE ROYAL CIPHER E II R AGAINST A BLUE SKY.



FIRING THEIR STARTING CARTRIDGES: *SEAHAWKS* WHICH TOOK OFF FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK, TO RETURN LATER FLYING IN SALUTE AT BELOW MAST HEIGHT.



ON THE FINAL DAY OF HER VISIT TO THE HOME FLEET: THE QUEEN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. *ARK ROYAL*.



DURING THE SECOND  
DAY OF THEIR VISIT TO  
THE HOME FLEET:  
THE QUEEN AND THE  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH  
INSPECTING A PARADE  
ON BOARD THE  
AIRCRAFT-CARRIER  
*ALBION*.

THERE was a full programme of engagements for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on May 28, the second day of their three-day visit to the Home Fleet. Between 9 a.m. and the middle of the afternoon her Majesty and Prince Philip visited six ships and inspected the companies of the remaining ships of the Fleet. At six o'clock they entertained officers in the Royal yacht, and a little later entertained to dinner the C-in-C. of the Fleet and his flag officers, also in *Briannia*. After this, they went to the aircraft-carrier *Albion*, which they had visited earlier in the day, for a ship's concert, and finally returned to *Briannia* at midnight. After first visiting the cruiser *Superb*, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh next went aboard *Albion*. Over 2000 men were on parade and the Queen and the Duke carried out their inspection in a *Land-Rover*, in which they circled the deck four times. After visiting the *Daring*-class ship *Duchess* the Royal visitors were entertained to luncheon by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John Eccles, and senior members of his staff on board H.M.S. *Maidstone*. In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke continued their tour, visiting the destroyer *Agincourt*, and the aircraft-carrier *Owen*. Ships' companies of the ships and submarines not visited by her Majesty were inspected after they had transferred either to *Albion*, to *Maidstone*, or to *Agincourt*. Altogether there were eighteen ships and submarines assembled in Cromarty Firth for the Royal tour of inspection. The concert, entitled "Wet and Dry," which was given in the evening, was attended by a large naval audience, and the programme included a comic ballet and calypso, performed by officers, and three "skiffle" groups. At the concert the Queen was presented with gifts for the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. For the Duke of Cornwall there was a model of the schooner H.M.S. *Pickle*, which brought home to England the news of the Battle of Trafalgar, and a manual of seamanship. Princess Anne's gift was a musical trinket box in the form of a model of Nelson's sea chest. As reported in our last issue, on May 27 ships of the Home Fleet sailed out to greet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they returned in *Briannia* from the State visit to Denmark. As *Briannia* and her escorts approached, a Royal salute of 21 guns was fired and the ships from the Home Fleet gracefully turned about to accompany the Royal yacht to Cromarty Firth. Several formations of naval aircraft flew past, one of them spelling out a brilliant E II R against a clear blue sky. On May 29 the Queen witnessed aircraft exercises from *Ark Royal*, finally returning by air to London from Lissiemouth.





## "LORD COKE"—ENGLISH LAW PERSONIFIED.

"The Lion and The Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke, 1552-1634." By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

COKE, of "Coke upon Littleton," has been regarded for centuries, both in England and America, as one of the tutelary deities of the Law. "And then," said Maitland, "the common law took flesh, that wonderful Edward Coke was loose." Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," said: "the jewel of his mind was put into a fair case, a beautiful body with a comely countenance. His works will last to be admired whilst Fame hath a trumpet left her, and any breath to flow therein." A great man he undoubtedly was, and Mrs. Bowen, with immense and lightly-worn erudition, has put him, as man, as politician, and as lawyer, on record. But still I cannot like him.

For all Coke's lustre as a lawyer and, in later life, as a resolute defender of the Commons' rights, it is impossible for anyone familiar with his career not to retain more vividly than anything else the image of the implacable and vilely vituperative Prosecutor. As Attorney-General it was his job to arraign a series of persons accused of treason, and the way he did it was repulsive. It wasn't so much that this great legal theorist was capable of gross distortion and suppression of inconvenient evidence, it was his sheer brutality of speech to men in peril of their lives that appears to us, as it appeared to some of his contemporaries, so unforgivable. In abusing Essex, who was certainly guilty of a preposterous little rebellion, he was perhaps pardonable, though his phraseology was so shockingly violent that one cannot help thinking that his delight in tormenting the sinner was even greater than his detestation of the sin. He met, on that occasion, his match: "Coke walked away. He had not taken his seat when the Earl was heard addressing the jury, his words easy, persuasive, as a man who confides in friends and equals. 'Mr. Attorney,' he said, 'playeth the orator and abuseth your Lordships' ears with slanders against us. These are the fashions of orators in corrupt states, and such rhetoric is the trade and talent of those who value themselves upon their skill in pleading innocent men out of their lives, and who never think that they have sufficiently discharged their duty unless they aggravate all things against such as are charged by them.'" In the subsequent exchanges, Essex showed his powers of intellect and of self-control: as Mrs. Bowen says, "Through the minds of counsel there may have passed the thought that Essex, had he not been born an Earl, would have made an excellent lawyer." Here is a characteristic passage:

ESSEX: Well, Mr. Attorney, I thank God I have not so uncharitable a judge this day as you are.

COKE: My Lord, we shall prove anon what you are, and what your pride of heart and aspiring mind have brought you unto.

ESSEX: Ah! Mr. Attorney, lay your hand upon your heart and pray God to forgive us both.

That last sentence is one of which Coke would have been incapable: the account of the trial leaves one with the impression that Essex, however rash his impetuosity, was a gentleman, and that Coke, however profound his learning, was a cad.

A similar impression is left by his demeanour during the prosecution of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators. They were guilty young hotheads, and Guy Fawkes himself was "caught in the act" in the crypt of the Parliament House. It was a silly plot. Had King, Lords and Commons really been blown up, the result would probably not have been a restoration of "the Old Religion" but a massacre of innocent Catholics all over the country. But that was no reason why Coke in court should, in a manner which, Mrs. Bowen says, "was shocking enough to quiet the most vengeful Puritan on the Parliament benches," have recited,

in front of the accused, in full the disgusting details of the way in which traitors were slowly cut to pieces and done to death—I cannot transcribe it here.

Inhumanity, as well as bad taste, marked Coke's conduct during those two trials: his behaviour during the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh was even worse: he was utterly unfair (an odd thing in the crystalliser of the Common Law and a Defender of Rights) and he was personally vindictive. Raleigh was arrested, and charged, on the flimsiest of grounds, with "conspiracy to kill the King, raise rebellion, alter the religion of the realm, and set Arabella Stuart on the throne." It was also supposed that Raleigh, who had fought the Spaniards, and had constantly agitated for a



EDWARD COKE, ATTORNEY-GENERAL TO QUEEN ELIZABETH, AT THE AGE OF FORTY-ONE, FROM A PORTRAIT ATTRIBUTED TO CORNELIUS JANSSEN.

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new Spanish War, wanted to bring the Spaniards in. The only witness against him—whom he begged unavailingly to have brought into Court—was a rich and extremely unbalanced Peer, Lord Cobham, who had admittedly had intercourse with, and accepted doubloons from, the temporary friend and potential enemy, Spain, with whom King James wished to make friends, and to an Infanta of which Realm he wanted

his second son Charles to be married—which led to the fruitless Dumasesque expedition, in disguise, of the young Charles and Buckingham to Madrid.

There was Raleigh, great soldier and sailor and servant of the Crown, good poet, and destined, during his long subsequent imprisonment in the Tower, terminated by a wanton and monstrous beheading, to write one of the noblest paragraphs of all English prose, and there was Coke, who had never written a line or exposed his bosom to an enemy's dart. I quote an exchange:

RALEIGH: What is that to me? Here is no treason of mine done: If my Lord Cobham be a traitor, what is that to me?

COKE: All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper. For I *thou* thee, thou traitor! I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MRS. CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN.

Mrs. Catherine Drinker Bowen lives in Pennsylvania, where she was born in 1897. As well as having worked as a free-lance writer for magazines specialising in musical subjects, she is the author of a number of books which include: "Rufus Starbuck's Wife"; "Friends and Fiddlers"; "Beloved Friend—Biography of Tchaikowsky" (with Barbara Von Mech); "Free Artist—Biography of Anton Nicolas Rubenstein"; "Yankee from Olympus—Justice O. W. Holmes and His Family," and "John Adams and the American Revolution."

RALEIGH: No, no, Mr. Attorney, I am no traitor! Whether I live or die, I shall stand as true a subject as any the King hath. You may call me a traitor at your pleasure, yet it becomes not a man of quality and virtue to do so. But I take comfort in it, it is all you can do, for I do not yet hear that you charge me with any treason.

CHIEF JUSTICE POPHAM: Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Attorney speaks out of zeal of his duty for the service of the King, and you for your life. Be patient on both sides.

Sir Walter's speech in defence was superb: it percolated through England and turned an unpopular man (unpopular because of his success and presumed arrogance) into a popular man. There were men who vowed that there never would be such eloquent speeches again. "I was not such a madman as to make myself in this time a Robin Hood, a Wat Tyler, a Kett, or a Jack Cade. I knew also the state of Spain well, his weakness and poorness and humbleness at this time. I knew that he was discouraged and dishonoured. I knew that six times we had repulsed his forces, thrice in Ireland, thrice at sea, and once at Cadiz on his own coast. Thrice had I served against him myself at sea, wherein for my country's sake I expended, of my own properties, four thousand pound."

Raleigh went on. "The jury listened," says Mrs. Bowen, "'Never,' wrote a spectator, 'any man spake so well in times past nor would do in the world to come.'" He went to the Tower, nevertheless, and there he remained, for many years, secluded from his dear wife and children, until, as an apology to Spain, he was

dragged to the scaffold. "Afterwards the stories were endless, reverently repeated. 'Sir Walter's gentle jests on the way to Westminster that cold morning, his fearlessness before the awful panoply of execution: 'What is death but an opinion and imagination? Though to others it might seem grievous, yet I had rather die so than of a burning fever.' The sheriffs' offer to warm him by the fire... 'Nay, good Sirs, let us dispatch. At this hour mine ague comes upon me. I would not have mine enemies to think I quaked from fear.' With his thumb, Raleigh tested the axe edge while the crowd watched, still as midnight. 'This is a fair sharp medicine to cure me of all diseases and miseries.' Words that were to become

legend, the pride and shame of England... Sir Walter knelt by the block, the headman bade him face east as he lay. 'What matter how the head lie,' said Raleigh, 'so the heart be right?'"

Coke was a great lawyer and a most resolute man: before he died he, too, was sent to the Tower for his opinions, though not to the block: for he was an early Roundhead. He was so harsh, that, whenever he is at loggerheads with anybody, one automatically takes the other side. His partiality was such that when a decent, harmless Jesuit, who had been at Oxford, was on trial, he said that he never "knew any priest of Cambridge to be arraigned in court." Even a Cambridge man must regard that as outrageous.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 960 of this issue.



KING JAMES I, FROM A PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH, FROM A PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

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\* "The Lion and the Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke, 1552-1634." By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 42s.)



# GREAT MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH ART.

JUNE 8, 1957—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—945

# AN OUTSTANDING PARIS EXHIBITION.



"LA PETITE FILLE AU VOLANT," BY J.-B. CHARDIN (1699-1779), IN THE "CENTS CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DE L'ART FRANÇAIS, 1750-1950" EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



"PORTRAIT D'HENRI BERNSTEIN"; A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT, BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883), IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE GALERIE CHARPENTIER. IT HAS NOT BEEN EXHIBITED BEFORE AND WAS ENTHUSIASTICALLY RECEIVED IN PARIS.



"PORTRAIT DU DUC D'HARCOURT," BY JEAN-HONORE FRAGONARD (1732-1806), WHO WAS TAUGHT BY BOTH BOUCHER AND CHARDIN.



"NATURE MORTE AUX POMMES," PAINTED IN 1901 BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). LENT BY THE MARGARET BIDDLE FOUNDATION, THIS WORK WILL BE AUCTIONED IN AN IMPORTANT SALE ON JUNE 14.



"TIGRE ROYAL COUCHE," BY JEAN LOUIS ANDRE THEODORE GERICAULT (1791-1824). THIS IMPRESSIVE WORK BY THE FRENCH ANIMAL ARTIST IS BASED ON A GEORGE STUBBS PAINTING.



"LA FEMME AU CHALE"; A SUPERB MASTERPIECE BY JEAN-BAPTISTE COROT (1796-1875), ONE OF WHOSE IMPRESSIVE VIEWS OF ROME IS ALSO IN THE EXHIBITION.



"PORTRAIT DE MADEMOISELLE DE BIRON (MARQUISE D'HARCOURT)"; A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF 1868 BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1902).



"LA CUEILLETTE DES CERISES (1891)"; A LIVELY COMPOSITION BY BERTHE MORISOT (1841-95), WHO WAS THE PUPIL AND SISTER-IN-LAW OF MANET.

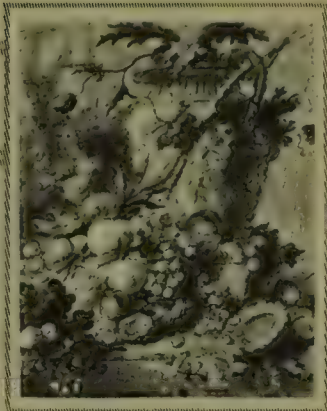
Both in London and Paris the months of May and June see an absolute feast of exhibitions to tempt the art-lover. Outstanding among those now to be seen in Paris is the superb exhibition—"Cents Chefs-d'Œuvre de l'Art Français, 1750-1950"—which continues at the Galerie Charpentier, 76, Faubourg Saint-Honoré, until July. This is one of the finest exhibitions to have been held in Paris for a number of years and provides a scintillating

impression of French painting. In fact, rather more than a hundred works—nearly all from private collections and including a small group of especially fine drawings—have been asser bled to illustrate the great achievements of these 200 years. The element of continuity in French painting, which is so often in danger of being ignored, emerges particularly clearly from this exceptional exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN one respect each Chelsea Flower Show is exactly like all other Chelsea Flower Shows. Every Chelsea has, in its turn, been described as "better

than the last," or as "the best ever." Chelsea 1957 ran true to form. I kept hearing it compared with last year's show, and with Chelseas of earlier date. To all such discussions and comparisons my inward reaction was—"So what?"

How could one fairly and profitably compare so huge and magnificent an affair as any one Chelsea with any other? But having been attending Chelsea, and its predecessors the Temple Flower Shows, for well over fifty years—with a few missing years when I was abroad—I find it interesting to look back and realise the gradual evolution and development of the event into what it is to-day—the greatest flower show on earth.

At the old Temple Shows it was pleasantly plants and flowers all the way. I do not remember so much as a solitary watering-can, barrow, or lawnmower on show in those days. None of the fascinating temptations and gadgetry of "Sundries Avenue" of Chelsea as it is to-day, to say nothing of other avenues given over to a bewildering array of powered mechanical diggers and cultivators, greenhouses, frames, cloches, garden furniture, tents, sundials, and concrete gnomes, frogs and cherubs. There is a certain type of rock garden, the rock-for-rock's-sake-and-plants-nowhere type, in which I can imagine those concrete trivia being quite invaluable! The number of full-scale outdoor rock gardens at Chelsea has greatly fallen off in recent years. But this does not mean that interest in rock gardens and Alpine plants has diminished in any way. On the contrary, there seemed to be more table exhibits of Alpine and rock plants in the tent than ever. Whitelegg's big rock garden in the open was extremely well done. There were fine outcrops of the familiar blue-grey water-worn limestone, with comfortable turf paths and a central rocky beck, beautifully managed, tumbling from pool to pool and then sliding over a final great rock to disappear down a cleverly contrived rock crevasse. Substitute limestone shingle for the turf on the paths—for simpler upkeep—and that exhibition rock-garden would have been ideal for practical permanent rock gardening. The planting was beautifully done, restrained, and always with an eye to the positions which the various plants themselves, both saxatile and waterside species, would have adopted for their own comfort and well-being if they had been left to it.

Big Top—the vast marquee—seemed to be several acres larger than usual, by the time it had finished with me, though probably it was much the same acreage as last year. Fortunately, Big Top at Chelsea is far too huge and sumptuous to begin to describe here. As well attempt to discuss "The Mammals of the World" or "Feminine Fashions Through the Ages," within the limits of this page.

On the whole, the big exhibits in Big Top showed commendable restraint and good taste in their layout and arrangement. Yet there are a few firms, and among them some of the biggest and most distinguished, who still cling to a truly terrible Victorian method of staging their superbly cultivated plants. It is what might be described as the Ram-Jam technique. Four or five times as many plants as could possibly be used to advantage are brought upon the scene, and are

## CHELSEA 1957.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

then rammed and jammed into undulating mounds and pyramids, their massed heads of brilliant blossom (often clashing horribly) set so close together that they lose all sense of being living, growing plants. Any grace of habit or beauty or interest of foliage becomes entirely lost. The whole thing becomes nothing but a gaudy and lamentable patchwork of solid, graceless colour. And the few firms who still cling to this outworn convention seem to be in tremendous rivalry as to which can out-monster the other. Let us hope that some day these Great Powers will learn from some of the shrub growers, both amateur and trade, and realise the advantage of arranging plants with space and elbow-room, so that they may be seen as plants, with stems, leaves, form, grace and character, instead of blobs of colour rammed and jammed into a meaningless mosaic, and with no visible means of support.



THE SUNNINGDALE NURSERY STAND AT CHELSEA, WITH A "MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF THE RARE CHINESE PINE, PINUS BUNGEANA" (RIGHT, BESIDE THE TENT-POLE).

"The trunk was strikingly beautiful and unusual, being silvery grey-green and white, like that of a plane-tree." The species was first seen by Dr. Bunge near Peking, where it had been planted for its beauty, and it was introduced by Fortune in 1848. It has been seen in quantity in Central China.

In contrast with these mountains of blinding colour, the group of shrubs—especially rhododendrons—from the Sunningdale Nursery was a good example of arrangement. Cool, roomy, and with each specimen able to show off its grace and natural habit. And in this exhibit there was a magnificent specimen of the rare Chinese pine, *Pinus bungeana*, a 20-ft. tree supporting one of the tent-poles—or was it the other way round? The trunk was strikingly beautiful and unusual, being silvery grey-green and white, like that of a plane-tree.

Among the "new and rare plants" I was delighted to see a finely cultivated specimen of *Polygala calcarea*, a British native and one of the very best of all true-blue rock-garden plants. It received a well-deserved Award of Merit. But how and why this distinguished little mat-forming charmer came to be described in both the National Press (twice) as well as in one gardening paper as "deep purple" passes my understanding. A few days after Chelsea, John Nash, R.A., was staying with me, and we visited a fine colony of *Polygala calcarea*, a few miles from my home. The flowers were true pure sapphire or cornflower blue, so pure that Nash declared it as true a blue as any to be met in gardening.

It was astonishing to find tulips not only still in bloom, but in full perfection. My own, in my Cotswold garden at 500 ft., were already on their last legs, and looking tatty, as only such proud flowers as tulips can look tatty. At Chelsea they were superb, and in almost every case superbly staged. There was one variety in particular which I fell for heavily—in spirit. Circumstances, to my regret, prevented my falling in a practical way. Its name was "Pimpernel," and it belongs to the *Viridiflora* race of tulips. Its petals were long and narrow, wide-spreading, and with undulating margins. The colour was a curiously subtle soft red, shading to greenish at the base of each petal. It was shown by P. de Jager and Sons. I asked the attendant in charge what was the price of bulbs of "Pimpernel" and he thought it was about £2 each, but he was not quite certain. Nor had he a catalogue available. This was disappointing, as I would have fallen with enthusiasm at 40s. a time, for, at any rate, three bulbs. This, I should explain, was on the Monday, during the final stages of preparation and judging, and before the show was open, even to Fellows of the Society.

L. R. Russell's fuchsias enchanted me, as always, and this year there were several new varieties of American origin. There was one, "White Spider," with very large blossoms in white and palest pink and immensely long-spreading petals, which I thought particularly worth while.

Among room plants, of which there were several fine groups, the specimen which interested, amused and delighted me most was one of the very smallest. A 6-in. pan was carpeted with flat-lying, velvety-green, deeply-furrowed leaves.

Among these leaves stood what looked like a forest of 3-in. pinkish, fairy walking-sticks, each with a white ivory crook handle. These ivory handles were, I take it, the flowers. Its name is *Peperomia capareta*, and demands, I believe, warm greenhouse treatment, which disappoints me. It must remain with me as an enchanting miniature memory amid all the pomp and circumstance of Chelsea.

Folk often complain to me that it depresses and discourages them to come home from Chelsea to their own amateur garden efforts. I can assure such people that if they managed to grow delphiniums, shall we say, on the Chelsea standard, 8 ft. tall and with individual blossoms 4 ins. across, and returned from Chelsea to find that the garden had been swept by even a moderate gale, they would be really depressed, and with good cause. Chelsea shows what can be done, but not always what is most desirable in common-or-garden gardening.

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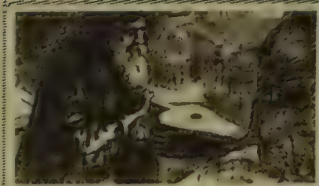


INSECT CHARACTERS IN OPERA : REALISTIC COSTUMES IN A GERMAN PRODUCTION OF JANACEK'S "THE CUNNING LITTLE VIXEN."

During the *Maifestspiele* visitors to the Staatstheater at Wiesbaden, in Western Germany, have been able to see an operatic rarity—a successful production of Leos Janáček's remarkable "The Cunning Little Vixen" (*Das Schlaue Fuchslein*). This is a very difficult work to perform because of the great diversity of characters incorporated in the cast. Men, women and children appear side by side with domestic animals and a great variety of wild creatures—ranging from gnats to badgers. All play an important part in this delightful fable of the forest and the village, through

which the Czech composer hoped to be able to express in operatic terms something of his love for wild life. The opera was first produced in Brno in 1924, four years before the composer's death, and it has not often been produced since. The East Berlin *Komische Oper* company's production at Wiesbaden captures all the charm and magic of this lyrical story, and the performers are particularly successful in presenting very natural interpretations of the animal characters. The first English stage performance of Janáček's opera "Jenufa" took place at Covent Garden last December.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### RUFUS, THE WONDERFUL HEDGEHOG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAVE already discussed the extraordinary habit of hedgehogs, which I have called self-anointing, on this page on September 15, 1956, but further observations made on it justify, I think, returning to the subject. Briefly, self-anointing consists in the hedgehog licking a substance for anything up to half a minute, the while a frothy saliva accumulates in the mouth. Then, raising the front part of the body to the full extent of the fore-legs, the animal swings the head up and round to place the froth on its spines or on the hair bordering the flanks. While this is being done, the body is apt to be thrown into contortions. A great variety of substances seem to induce the self-anointing, but a substance that has stimulated it once may fail to set it going on a future occasion even in the same individual. Moreover, if a hedgehog is not in the mood, nothing will induce it to start the self-anointing.

My previous description of this was based on seeing it done by a young hedgehog. After my account of it had been published, I received several letters from readers who had seen it happen and had been puzzled by it. One of the letters gave a very full account of this particular behaviour in *Rufus*, the pet hedgehog of Mrs. H. J. Castleman, of Northampton. As a consequence of this and further correspondence, we made a journey to Northampton in the hope of obtaining still photographs and film of *Rufus* at work. It was one of the most rewarding natural history excursions I have ever made, and I would like to record here my gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Castleman, for giving an afternoon of their time, and also to Mr. G. Twisleton and Mr. Butlin, who did likewise to assist us.

From our point of view, *Rufus* behaved splendidly. Although it was broad daylight and a time of the day when all self-respecting hedgehogs should be wrapped in slumber, *Rufus* allowed himself to be wakened and began to explore the room. For a while he inspected first one object and then another and finally halted before a leather sandal. He sniffed the leather for a few seconds before starting to lick it. Then followed the customary pattern. The licking went on until the edges of the lips were coated with a foam, then *Rufus* raised the fore-part of his body on extended fore-legs, raised his snout obliquely upwards, threw his head round to one side and, extruding his long tongue, placed one smear of foam after another on the hair bordering his flank.

It is difficult to see whether any great energy is thrown into this action, but there is the appearance of it. This is more especially seen in movements that follow the turning of the head. In the effort, apparently, to reach as far back as possible, the hedgehog usually falls partly on to one side, or it may turn over completely on to the back and then partially roll up. At other times, instead of turning on to the side or the back, the body remains more or less squarely on all fours while the back is depressed and, at the same time, thrown into corrugations.

*Rufus* showed us something which has not been previously set on record, so far as I know. In addition to the preparatory licking he also used his teeth, opening his mouth wide and scoring the leather with his front teeth. The sandal was nearly new, and it says much for its owner, Mr. Castleman, that he should have permitted this to continue in the cause of research. At the end, the leather at one spot was severely tooth-marked. Mr. Castleman's forbearance was still further in

performance of a full twenty minutes, alternately licking and smearing himself with foam, until his two flanks and his throat and chest were liberally coated with spittle. Here, again, as with the sandal, he first pawed the object he was about to lick and used the teeth as well as the tongue, and this is significant for several reasons. To begin with, *Rufus* merely licked the polished surface of the wood, but later almost every spell of licking was preceded by a seeming attempt to bite the wood. In doing so the mouth was opened wide, and since the tooth-marks were left on the wood it was possible afterwards to measure the gape, which was at least  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

The second significant point is that as the biting was repeated, it tended more and more to assume the appearance of a frenzy. It was as if *Rufus* was trying to bite off a piece of the wood and that being frustrated in this merely spurred him on to more and more frantic effort, so that it seemed as if a neurosis were being built up. The ordinary process of self-anointing also has an appearance of a frenzy, which is not apparent in the photographic record of it, even when this record is in the form of a film. To the eye-witness, however, there is always an impression of frenzy, but as the hedgehog does not prance about, or perform other similar actions associated with a frenzy, it is always a moot point whether one is reading more into the actions than is justified. The way in which *Rufus* attacked the wood with his teeth, effectively spoiling the otherwise immaculate surface of the bookcase, certainly suggested a frenzy or an ecstasy.

A further point which emerges from the exhibition we were privileged to watch concerns the action of the spines. *Rufus* is so tame that nothing anybody does to him will cause him to roll up, one of the exceptions being when he is washed, as is occasionally necessary, with a weak disinfectant. Moreover, he does not readily erect the spines. Yet although his two natural defensive mechanisms are in abeyance most of the time, the spines are erected, and bristle strongly, during the process of self-anointing.

There is a legend about hedgehogs rolling on apples and impaling them on their spines. There is plenty of eye-witness testimony which, taken at its face value, is sufficiently convincing. The story fails to be accepted, and one of the main arguments against its acceptance is that it is impossible

to see any reason why a hedgehog should roll on apples. Unfortunately, it occurred to me only after we had returned home that if *Rufus* had chosen to lick an apple placed on the ground, and if there had been other apples near it, there can be little doubt that sooner or later he would have rolled on to one of these, vigorously and with spines bristling. I have heard it said that a hedgehog's spines will not pierce the skin of an apple. This is difficult for me to believe after having had blood drawn from my fingers when handling a hedgehog.



RUFUS: MRS. H. J. CASTLEMAN'S PET HEDGEHOG, WHICH IS SO TAME THAT NOTHING THAT ANYBODY DOES TO HIM WILL CAUSE HIM TO ROLL UP EXCEPT WHEN HE IS WASHED, AS IS OCCASIONALLY NECESSARY, WITH A WEAK DISINFECTANT.



LYING HAPPILY ON HIS BACK IN HIS OWNER'S HAND: RUFUS, THE WONDERFUL HEDGEHOG WHICH MADE DR. BURTON'S JOURNEY TO NORTHAMPTON "ONE OF THE MOST REWARDING NATURAL HISTORY EXCURSIONS" HE HAS EVER MADE. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

evidence later, when *Rufus* selected the plinth of a bookcase for a further exhibition of self-anointing. After having used the sandal intermittently for a period of nearly half an hour, *Rufus* wandered away, walking about the house on an apparent voyage of exploration. He must be the first hedgehog to have had an audience of seven human beings closely following him with floodlights and cameras, watching his every movement and gathering round him whenever he stopped and looked as if he might indulge in further self-anointing.

As already mentioned, he chose next the plinth of a bookcase, and there he gave us a continuous



## THE HEDGEHOG'S "SELF-ANOINTING": A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD.



THE BEGINNING OF THE SELF-ANOINTING CEREMONY: *RUFUS* HAVING SELECTED THE PLINTH OF A BOOKCASE, SCRAPES THE WOOD WITH HIS TEETH.



HAVING LICKED THE WOOD UNTIL HIS MOUTH WAS FILLED WITH SALIVA, *RUFUS* THROWS HIS HEAD ROUND TO PLACE THE SALIVA ON HIS BODY.



DURING THE SELF-ANOINTING CEREMONY: THE SPINES AND HAIR BECOME SMEARED WITH FOAM FROM REPEATED APPLICATIONS OF THE SALIVA.



IN AN ATTITUDE OF ECSTASY: THE HEDGEHOG SMEARING THE SALIVA ON HIS SPINES WITH HIS LONG TONGUE, WHICH IS MUCH IN EVIDENCE.



ABOUT TO FALL ON HIS SIDE: *RUFUS* BEGINS TO LOSE HIS BALANCE IN HIS EFFORTS TO REACH THE SPINES HIGH UP ON HIS BACK.

One of the most extraordinary tricks of animal behaviour is that carried out by hedgehogs and known as self-anointing. This remarkable process, which appears to serve no useful purpose, is seen here in a unique series of photographs. These show Mrs. H. J. Castleman's pet hedgehog *Rufus* at various stages of the operation, which is fully described and discussed by Dr. Burton in his article on the facing page. Briefly, the hedgehog may choose one of



AFTER A CONTINUOUS TWENTY MINUTES OF SELF-ANOINTING: THE HEDGEHOG, NOW THOROUGHLY SMEARED WITH SALIVA, SHOWS SIGNS OF FATIGUE.

a number of substances, then lick it until its mouth is filled with a foam of saliva, after which it smears this foam on to the spines and coarse hair covering its body. These unusual antics have probably been witnessed by many who have kept hedgehogs as pets and who have wondered what their significance is. Moreover, there are very few references to it in the scientific literature, and these few have only appeared in recent years.

Photographs by Jane Burton.





AMONG the best people during the middle years of the eighteenth century there were two fashionable crazes. There were others, of course, but these two are the most striking. The first was for furniture in what was fondly supposed to be the manner of the Chinese. It was an old fad of ours which had begun way back in the seventeenth century; then, and for many years, it had consisted in the main of "japanning," that is of painting our own cabinets and chairs with Oriental scenes in black and gold or red and gold, not in making pieces of furniture in a pseudo-Chinese design. The most obvious examples of the latter are to be seen in the elaborate gilded mirrors of about the 1750's, often surmounted by fantastic birds and a Chinaman or two, echoes possibly at many removes of Boucher's fairy-tale landscapes across the Channel; in mahogany cabinets crowned by pagoda roofs, and in such famous furniture as that of the painted bed which used to be at Badminton and is now at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

We began to design chairs with apparently Oriental trellis backs at about the same time, intended, it seems, for garden use and painted. Chippendale and others made them not merely useful but *bon ton* by producing them in superb mahogany. Here (Fig. 1) is one chosen at random from among many which illustrates a particular point. The lattice-work of the back is vaguely Oriental and so are the small brackets beneath the seat at each corner. Apart from that the chair is as English as can be imagined and the cresting, with its carved acanthus leaf design, makes no concessions whatever to the Far East. Such a marriage of East and West did not seem at all incongruous.

The second craze was for "Gothick," which owed a great deal to the example of Horace Walpole and his bogus mediæval mansion at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. It began as a self-conscious architectural revolt against the ideals of the classicists and presumably would have triumphed much earlier had it not been for the genius of Robert Adam and his followers. It did, in fact, triumph, romantically and elaborately and monumentally, nearly a century later. Beckford's extravagant folly, Fonthill Abbey, fell down and perished utterly, but the Houses of Parliament and hundreds of other lesser buildings remain to bear witness to its vitality. That is another story: I am concerned here with one or two early domestic examples which show what pains the eighteenth century took to adapt itself to a style it really did not understand any more than it really understood the Oriental.

Fig. 2 was lent to Burlington House in the winter of 1955-56 and appeared in that remarkable

exhibition of "English Taste," which illustrated so cleverly the ideals of several generations. Here is the finest kind of crisp carving adapted to what can perhaps be described as a translation of a church window into terms of a chair-back with an appropriately ecclesiastical pointed-arch apron beneath the seat; for all that, by no means lacking in a civilised sort of secular gaiety. The other chair (Fig. 3) is of a more monumental character and also appeared in the "Gothick" room at the exhibition. It was originally one of a set of eight, two of which have been presented to the Victoria



FIG. 1. "A MARRIAGE OF EAST AND WEST": A "CHINESE CHIPPENDALE" CHAIR WITH A "VAGUELY ORIENTAL" DESIGN IN THE LATTICE-WORK OF THE BACK AND OF THE SMALL BRACKETS BENEATH THE SEAT. (Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FIG. 2. "A TRANSLATION OF A CHURCH WINDOW INTO TERMS OF A CHAIR-BACK": A MAHOGANY CHAIR IN "GOTHICK" TASTE MADE IN C. 1750, WHICH WAS IN THE 1955-56 R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.)



FIG. 3. ONE OF A PAIR RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM BY MESSRS. FRANK PARTRIDGE: A "GOTHICK" CARVED MAHOGANY ARM-CHAIR OF C. 1750-55. FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES ALL THESE CHAIRS IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK.



FIG. 4. PROVIDING "AN ADMIRABLE CONTRAST TO ITS TWO BETTER-BRED COUSINS": A "GOTHICK" WINDSOR CHAIR OF YEW WOOD WITH CABRIOLE LEGS WHICH WILL BE SHOWN AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR NEXT WEEK. (Messrs. Mallett and Son.)

and Albert Museum by Frank Partridge and Sons—a particularly welcome acquisition, since they belong to a phase which has not hitherto come into the Museum's possession. The point about them is that whereas most of the surviving chairs in this manner, as also nearly all the designs for similar chairs in Thomas Chippendale's "Director," show a carefree blend of "Gothick" and rococo elements (just as so many of the so-called Chinese chairs are part Oriental and part English, like

Fig. 1), these are designed in a far more careful manner. Obviously considerable pains were taken to exclude anything which might, at that time, be considered modern. For example, a somewhat similar pattern is shown on Plate 17 of the third edition of Chippendale's "Director," but whereas Chippendale introduces frankly rococo arms in his design, the maker of these chairs introduces "Gothick" arcading, inclined at a rather precarious angle, to support the arms. He also has been successful in combining a remarkable number

of mediæval features, including decorated window tracery and arcading, cluster columns for the legs (reminiscent of the columns in the choir at Lincoln), panelled buttresses with pyramidal caps and crocketed arches—altogether a scholarly *tour de force*, quite different from the normal slap-happy marriage of incongruities. Incidentally, the chair seats, which seem to be original, are embroidered with figures in Turkish dress to provide a note of secular gaiety to an otherwise monumental design, no doubt added not by the maker but by an early owner.

Finally, to show how this temporary craze for the distant past spread down the social scale, here is an admirable "Gothick" Windsor (Fig. 4) which will be on view at the Antique Dealers' Fair next week; it provides an admirable contrast to its two better-bred cousins, but is none the worse for that; date—like the other two—somewhere around the 1750's, though I doubt whether anyone would care to be definite about the exact decade of any Windsor chair. People have argued for ages as to when the Windsor, as we know it, began. The general opinion seems to be the seventeenth century; it still flourishes to-day, mainly at High Wycombe, and no one knows for certain how it acquired its name. Rough country cousin it may be, speaking with the accents of Buckinghamshire or of Suffolk and sometimes of the North, produced by the hundred thousand, especially in Victorian times; yet it remains a supremely practical chair and sometimes—as here—it achieved distinction. It also produced a sturdy and, many will have it, a more distinguished offspring in the United States. This example, which is of yew, is a considerable rarity, and, unlike so many Windsors, was obviously made for the best parlour (cabriole legs and all that), not for the rough-and-tumble of the kitchen or of the village pub. As a countrified version of the gospel according to Horace Walpole and his circle, it occupies a not unimportant

place in the kaleidoscopic pattern of English taste, which included, I venture to remind you, not only a nostalgic liking for genuine ruins, but also a passion for bogus ones. How often did the high priests of the picturesque laboriously erect an imitation ruined chapel to add enchantment to the prospect. Of these, which is the most prominent? I suggest the one at Mount Edgcombe, visible from Plymouth Hoe, if my memory is not at fault.

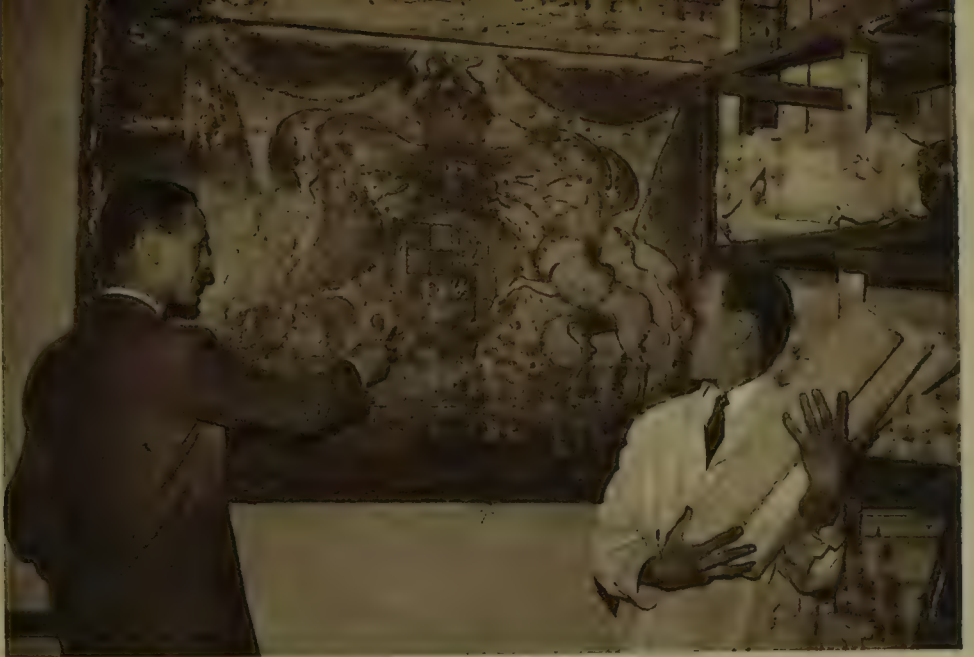


# DISCOVERIES AND ACQUISITIONS: NEWS OF ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.



LOCATED BY DOWSING IN KENT: TWO BEAUTIFUL SAXON GLASS FUNERARY VESSELS WHICH WERE FOUND RECENTLY, TOGETHER WITH A SWORD.

During the week-end of May 18-19, Mr. Colin Healey and Major C. A. Pogson found these two unusually fine Saxon glass vessels, and the remains of a Saxon iron sword in a wooden scabbard, at Gilton Ash, near Sandwich, in a private garden. The glasses are of a greenish-gold colour with the typical Saxon thread ornamentation around their necks.



CONTRASTS IN WALL DECORATIONS IN A WATFORD WALLPAPER SHOP—MR. SCOTT (LEFT) AND MR. LUCK LOOKING AT THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WALL-PAINTING OF THE ROYAL ARMS WHICH THEY DISCOVERED IN AN UPSTAIRS STOCK ROOM.

Through a small hole in the plaster in an upstairs room in their Watford High Street wallpaper shop, Mr. Scott and Mr. Luck saw a patch of colour. On removing the plaster they uncovered this interesting painting of the Royal Arms, which is in a good state of preservation and bears the date 1614.



(Above.)

RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE LONDON MUSEUM: AN IMPORTANT CONTEMPORARY OIL PAINTING OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666. (Oil on panel: 31 by 61 ins.)

With the generous aid of the National Art-Collections Fund and an anonymous benefactor, the London Museum, Kensington Palace, has bought this striking painting which combines high qualities as a work of art with great accuracy in topographical details. It conveys most graphically the extent and horror of this catastrophe, and points very strongly to the conclusion that the artist must have known London well and was probably an eye-witness of the Great Fire.



(Left and right.)

BOUGHT FOR £3200 AT SOTHEBY'S FOR THE CORNING MUSEUM OF GLASS, NEW YORK: THE WASHINGTON HERALDIC STAINED-GLASS PANELS FROM SULGRAVE MANOR.

These two Elizabethan heraldic stained-glass panels, which were sent to Sotheby's by Sacheverell Sitwell, Esq., were probably made in 1588 for Robert Washington in celebration of the marriage of his eldest son Lawrence to Margaret Butler. Lawrence was grandfather to the Colonel John Washington who settled in Virginia in the following century and was himself great-grandfather to the first President of the United States.





# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



## ASSASSINATED IN PARIS:

M. ALI CHEKKAL.

M. Ali Chekkal, who was formerly Vice-President of the Algerian Assembly and one of the leading Muslim supporters of the French cause in Algeria, was assassinated while leaving the Colombes stadium, Paris, on May 26. Another Algerian was charged with the shooting.



## ASKED TO FORM A NEW FRENCH GOVERNMENT: M. PFLIMLIN.

Following M. Mollet's recent defeat, M. Pflimlin was asked by President Coty on May 29 to form a new Government. M. Pflimlin is fifty, and entered politics after the war, since when he has been a member of fourteen governments and has been Minister of Agriculture eight times.



## A VERY LONG CAREER IN THE ROYAL NAVY: THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THEODORE J. HALLETT.

Vice-Admiral Sir Theodore J. Hallett, who died on June 1 aged seventy-nine, was particularly connected with the development of combined operations during World War II. His career in the Royal Navy covered fifty-four years. Although he retired in 1933, he returned to active service in 1939.



## SERVICE TO YOUTH: THE LATE DR. JOSEPHINE MACALISTER BREW.

Dr. Josephine Macalister Brew, formerly Education and Training Adviser to the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, died on May 30. She leaves behind her a very great record of service to youth which has been described as "unequalled in this generation."



## A B.B.C. APPOINTMENT:

SIR ARTHUR FORDE.

Sir Arthur Forde is to be the new Chairman of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. from December 1. Headmaster of Rugby since 1948, he had previously been a solicitor. After serving with the Ministry of Supply he was Under-Secretary at the Treasury from 1944 to 1945.



## THE SOCIALISTS HOLD EAST HAM NORTH: MR. R. E. PRENTICE.

In the by-election at East Ham North, the results of which were announced on May 30, Mr. R. E. Prentice, Socialist, retained the seat for the Labour Party with a majority of 5979. The by-election was caused by the death of Mr. Percy Daines, who had been Socialist M.P. since 1945.



## THE GOVERNMENT RETAINS HORNSEY: LADY GAMMANS.

Lady Gammans, the widow of Sir David Gammans whose death caused the by-election, retained the seat for the Government at Hornsey. The results of the election were announced on May 30. The Conservative majority was reduced by 9000 votes from 12,726 to 3131.



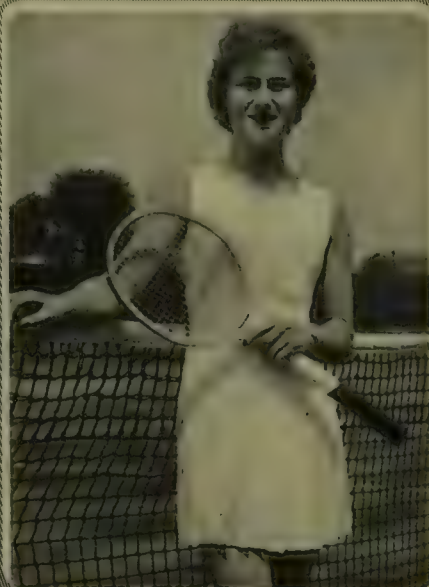
## A NEW BRITISH GLIDING RECORD: MRS. RIKA HARWOOD.

The British Gliding Association announced on May 27 that Mrs. Rika Harwood of London had established a speed of more than 60 m.p.h. in the women's United Kingdom 100-kilometre goal speed from Lasham, Hampshire, to Yeovil Somerset. Mrs. Harwood covered the 116 kilometres in 1 hr. 16 mins.



## IN LONDON AFTER THE FIVE-POWER DISARMAMENT TALKS WERE RESUMED: L. TO R., MR. STASSEN, COMMANDER NOBLE AND M. MOCH.

The United Nations Five-Power Sub-Committee resumed its discussions on disarmament in London on May 27. The meeting was short, but both Mr. Stassen, United States, and Mr. Zorin, Russia, agreed to hold serious discussions on disarmament, and new American proposals were shortly to be presented to the Sub-Committee. The other powers are Britain, France and Canada.



## DUAL TENNIS TRIUMPH IN PARIS: MISS SHIRLEY BLOOMER.

The French hard court lawn tennis championships ended at the Stade Roland Garros, Paris, on June 2, with the triumph of a British player. Miss Shirley Bloomer took more honours than anyone, she won the women's singles on June 1, when she beat Mrs. D. Knodel (U.S.A.), and, with the American, Miss Darlene Hard, she won the women's doubles on June 2.



## NEW AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: R. R. JACK (LEFT) WITH THE AMERICAN RUNNER-UP, H. B. RIDGELEY.

In the final of the Amateur Golf Championship, played over 36 holes at Formby on June 1, R. R. Jack, of Scotland, defeated H. Ridgeley, an American airman stationed in this country, by 2 up and 1 to play. The match has been described as one of the best finals in the long history of the Amateur Golf Championship.



## NEW VICE-MARSHAL OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS: MR. DUGALD MALCOLM.

Mr. Dugald Malcolm recently took up his new appointment as Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps which was announced on February 20. He will be succeeding Sir Marcus Cheke. Mr. Dugald Malcolm was formerly Consul in Seoul, Korea.



## THE NEW TURKISH AMBASSADOR: MR. NURI BIRGI.

Mr. Nuri Birgi, the new Turkish Ambassador to the United Kingdom, arrived in London to take up his appointment on May 31. Mr. Birgi was Under-Secretary of State at the Turkish Ministry of Foreign Affairs from 1952, and in 1954 became Secretary-General for Foreign Affairs.



## A SOLO GLIDING DISTANCE RECORD CLAIMED: MR. JOHN HULME.

Mr. John Hulme, a member of the Cambridge University Gliding Club, set up a new single-seat gliding distance record for the United Kingdom, subject to confirmation, by flying from Cambridge to Truro, Cornwall, a distance of 264 miles, in a Slingsby Skylark, on May 27. The previous U.K. record was 257 miles.



# BRITAIN'S FIRST H-BOMB EXPLOSION: SOME OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



AFTER BRITAIN'S FIRST HYDROGEN BOMB TEST OVER THE PACIFIC ON MAY 15: THE MUSHROOM CLOUD PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A SHIP. THE BOMB WAS EXPLODED IN THE AIR HIGH ABOVE THE SEA.



THE MUSHROOM CLOUD AT A LATE STAGE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT: THE BASE OF THE COLUMN IS STILL WELL CLEAR OF THE SEA.



TAKEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT FLYING ABOVE THE LOCAL NATURAL CLOUD: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MUSHROOM WHIRLING UPWARDS SOON AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

AFTER long months of preparation Britain started her series of hydrogen-bomb tests on May 15 with an explosion high in the air over the Pacific Ocean off Christmas Island. This explosion was in the megaton range (the equivalent of that of 1,000,000 tons of T.N.T.), and it was officially stated that the fall-out from it was "insignificant." As these official photographs clearly show, the detonation took place high in the air above the sea and the base of the fireball was well above the surface of the sea. The test went completely according to plan and the safety arrangements were entirely successful. The second test in the series took place on June 1, when a *Valiant* bomber dropped a multi-megaton hydrogen bomb to explode high over the Pacific a short distance from Malden Island, which is some 400 miles south of Christmas Island. A major feature of this second test was to study the behaviour of the weapon itself on the way down to the target. A completely automatic "running commentary" described electronically the passage of the bomb, which could have been rendered harmless the moment it showed signs of going off its correct course. The day after this test members of the British task-force were again living and eating normally on Malden Island, from which they had been evacuated as it was only a few miles in horizontal distance from the point of the second explosion.



## HOME NEWS: FROM THE PREMIUM PRIZE DRAW TO THE FIRST TEST MATCH.



WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW ST. JAMES'S PARK BRIDGE—TOWARDS WHICH £23,000 HAS BEEN GIVEN BY AN ANONYMOUS DONOR.

Despite protests in the House of Lords, demolition of the old bridge in St. James's Park and construction of the new bridge have gone forward. £23,000, which will cover the entire cost and ancillary work, has been provided by an anonymous donor.



COLOUR TELEVISION FOR INSTRUCTION IN SURGERY: THE SCENE AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL DURING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE TECHNIQUE ON MAY 30. In this demonstration in which the Smith Kline and French technique was used for the first time in this country, the surgeon was able to explain what he was doing and to answer the questions of those watching the screen in other premises, at the Royal College of Surgeons.



CUTTING A SWAN-LIKE RIPPLE IN THE STILL WATERS OF THE CLYDE: THE NEW 22,000-TON CUNARDER SYLVANIA DURING HER ACCEPTANCE TRIALS. HER MAIDEN VOYAGE WAS DUE TO BEGIN ON JUNE 5.



SONNY RAMADHIN, THE WEST INDIAN SPIN BOWLER WHO TOOK 7 FOR 49 IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.

Before the First Test started at Edgbaston on May 30, the legend that England had most to fear from the spin bowler Ramadhin was well established, and England's first innings of 186, in which he took 7 for 49 (and at one period 6 for 9), went far to confirm it. Even in England's great second innings recovery he remained continuously dangerous and bowled many maiden overs.



RAMADHIN BOWLING IN "AN IMMACULATE DISPLAY OF SKILL AND CUNNING" IN ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS.



"ERNIE" AT WORK: THE ELECTRONIC RANDOM NUMBER INDICATING EQUIPMENT, WHICH CHOSE THE WINNING NUMBERS IN THE FIRST PREMIUM BOND DRAW. On June 1 the first draw of winning numbers from the 48,000,000 Premium Bonds qualified, took place at Lytham St. Annes, in Lancashire, when the electronic device which is known as "Ernie" began to select 23,000 winning numbers. There were 96 prizes of £1000.



THE FIRST WINNING NUMBER—A £10 BOND—HELD UP BY LORD MACKINTOSH OF HALIFAX, CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE.



## FROM FAR AND NEAR: AN UNUSUAL GIFT; AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK FOR A TEN-DAY VISIT: THE NORWEGIAN FULL-RIGGED SHIP *CHRISTIAN RADICH*, AFTER PASSING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY (BACKGROUND).

Escorted by an impressive flotilla of tugboats, the Norwegian full-rigged ship *Christian Radich* arrived in New York at the end of May for a ten-day visit. The square-rigged vessel, formerly a Norwegian training ship, is now a floating film studio and is on a 17,500-mile voyage which started in December from Oslo. During the visit to New York the ship was open to public inspection.



ARRIVING AT DOVER TO HELP IN THE MAKING OF THE BRITISH FILM "DUNKIRK": THE FRENCH SLOOP *LA GRACIEUSE*.

On May 29 the French sloop *La Gracieuse* arrived at Dover carrying, in addition to its normal complement, fifty French infantry in 1940 uniforms and full battle order, together with carbines, machine-guns and a 60-mm. mortar. The French are lending this assistance in the making of the film *Dunkirk*, now on location at Rye, Sussex.



TO BE PRESENTED TO MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KRUSCHEV WHEN THEY VISIT HELSINKI THIS MONTH: THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT BROUGHT LENIN FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO FINLAND WHEN HE ESCAPED DURING THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION IN 1917.



SIGNING A DAIRY PRODUCTS AGREEMENT BETWEEN NEW ZEALAND AND THE U.K.: MR. K. J. HOLYOAKE AND SIR DAVID ECCLES (RIGHT). An undertaking to allow New Zealand dairy products to be imported into the United Kingdom without restriction on quantity during the next ten years was one of the main provisions of an agreement between the British and New Zealand Governments signed in London, on May 28, by Mr. K. J. Holyoake, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, and Sir David Eccles, President of the Board of Trade.



AT ABINGDON, BERKSHIRE: STIRLING MOSS, THE BRITISH RACING DRIVER, IN THE COCKPIT OF HIS NEW, SPECIALLY-DESIGNED, M.G. 1½-LITRE CAR.

The British racing driver Stirling Moss is seen here in his new M.G. 1½-litre car at the M.G. Works at Abingdon. On the right is Lieut.-Colonel John W. Thorne (wearing glasses), director and general manager of M.G.; and, next to him, Mr. Sydney Enever, designer of the car.



TRYING OUT THE UNUSUAL COCKPIT OF HIS NEW CAR: STIRLING MOSS, LYING ALMOST FULL-LENGTH IN THE SPECIALLY-DESIGNED M.G., IN WHICH HE HOPES TO ESTABLISH A NEW WORLD SPEED RECORD.





# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MAINLY ROMAN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"O JULIUS CÆSAR! thou art mighty yet!" When Brutus spoke the line at Philippi on the first night of the Stratford-upon-Avon revival, we knew again how Cæsar dominates the play in which Shakespeare seems to dismiss him so roughly.

As we meet him in life, Cæsar is a mere shell. His spirit, the true spirit of the mighty dictator, governs the rest of the play. I am not thinking of the ghost at Sardis, but of the sense of greatness, the name that is like a cry in the air. Brutus may be the central figure of the play on the stage; Julius Cæsar is always the mightier. I could not help wondering, at Stratford, whether the single star that pricked the ensanguined sky above the Forum, and shone at the last over the plain of Philippi, might not have been the symbol of Cæsar, "as constant as the northern star. . . . But there's but one in all that holds his place."

"Julius Cæsar" is often scornfully treated. It is so easy to think of it as something rubbed, to put the Forum scene with the Trial from "The Merchant of Venice" as passages drearily familiar, incapable of starting surprise. That is silly. The simple fact is that "Cæsar," if done with any competence at all, must ever flash and shine in the responsive imagination.

How does this Stratford revival vary from others? We are certain that Glen Byam Shaw will never do anything that is just wantonly different, for the sake of making a change. Any production of his is bound to be like a clear, valuable edition, well printed and edited, without meretricious decoration. If he does not invariably project the strongest theatrical excitement, he never distorts a play, wrenching it for ephemeral effect.

His present "Cæsar" has a steady dignity and one exceptional performance. I shall think, too, of the funeral oration in the Forum, under the smoulder of the spring night, with the crowd in shadow; the death of Cinna the poet, left to sprawl, a broken corpse, over the rostrum Antony had used; and the feeling of disintegration and despair as the army of the conspirators droops away into the fatal rout of Philippi. Inevitably, it seems, one passage in any revival must reach us with a new impact. Thus I do not remember having known before, so vividly, that moment of desperation at "Yet, countrymen, oh, yet hold up your heads!" when young Cato proclaims his name about the field, and Brutus follows him for the last throw:

And I am Brutus, Marcus

Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

When we see him again, he is with the "poor remains of friends," and Brutus' tongue hath almost ended his life's history.

We know Alec Clunes for Brutus and his country's friend. I have never seen the lost idealist and patriot better realised, or heard the verse spoken with quite this doomed beauty. Elsewhere, Richard Johnson's Mark Antony is the man for spell-binding in the Forum. True, it was not (for me) the spell-binding we have been used to of late. This Antony appeared to be less of a tactician than a direct and eloquent orator. The Cassius (Geoffrey Keen) is oddly insignificant, not because the actor fails to understand or to phrase the part, but simply because his Cassius lacks the size, the compulsive drive. "The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it." I still remember how Gielgud thrust that out. Mr. Keen's Cassius finds the waspishness of the man without the splendour of line.

Joan Miller is a genuinely feeling Portia who is recognisably Cato's daughter—her long speech is not just a smooth bit of declamation—and Mark Dignam discovers a nice snarl for "honest Casca."

Cyril Luckham is Cæsar, "great Julius," "foremost man of all the world," who has to be more impressive dead than alive: it is Shakespeare's fault.

A sharp, swift revival, then, and set with ingenuity by Motley. I cannot say that I liked the escarpment at Philippi; but I did admire the rapid variation and disposition of the sleekly-sliding, fluted, pillar-blocks that composed the Roman scenes. Similar masses were used in the Noguchi "Lear" of glum memory; the "Cæsar" scenes are contrived without the comical dancing-dowager effect that marred those "Lear" changes.



"A HARMLESS ROUTINE COMEDY SET IN A CORNWALL ONE IS UNLIKELY TO MEET (EXCEPT ON THE STAGE) IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS": "A MONTH OF SUNDAYS" (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM GERALD SAVORY'S COMEDY IN WHICH THE WANDERING MAJOR (A. E. MATTHEWS) DISCUSSES HIS PLUMBING WITH MARY SYLVESTER (JANE BAXTER).



"I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LOST IDEALIST AND PATRIOT BETTER REALISED, OR HEARD THE VERSE SPOKEN WITH QUITE THIS DOOMED BEAUTY": ALEC CLUNES AS BRUTUS (SEEN HERE STABBING CÆSAR) IN SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR" AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. CÆSAR IS PLAYED BY CYRIL LUCKHAM.

This scene from Glen Byam Shaw's production of "Julius Cæsar" at Stratford-upon-Avon shows the murder of Cæsar in the Capitol, with (l. to r.) Decius Brutus (Robin Lloyd), Metellus Cimber (Donald Layne-Smith), Brutus (Alec Clunes), Casca (Mark Dignam), Cæsar (Cyril Luckham) and Cassius (Geoffrey Keen).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A DEAD SECRET" (Piccadilly).—Paul Scofield in a play by Rodney Ackland based on a famous case. (May 30.)

"AMÉDÉE" (Arts, Cambridge).—Ionesco's first full-length play. (June 3.)

"SIX MONTHS' GRACE" (Phoenix).—Yvonne Arnaud runs a dried-fruit importing company in a new comedy by Robert Morley and Dundas Hamilton. (June 4.)

"DEAR DELINQUENT" (Westminster).—Anna Massey in a comedy by Jack Popplewell. (June 5.)

"FREE AS AIR" (Savoy).—The new musical play by the authors of "Salad Days," Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds. (June 6.)

"THE TROJANS" (Covent Garden).—The opera by Berlioz, directed by Sir John Gielgud. (June 6.)

My final memory is of the Roman crowd.

This crowd, as a corporate entity, has always been an important character in "Cæsar." Unfortunately, directors have been inclined to split it into personal units, every man or woman turning in an anxiously-conceived small character-part. This can worry us. Not so at Stratford, where Mr. Shaw, in the Forum scene, keeps the crowd in shadow, a darkling, menacing presence: I believed, more firmly than in the past, that here was the mob that would burn and kill and slay while Brutus and Cassius were "rid like madmen through the gates of Rome."

Rome has been in the theatrical mind. Its name appears in the title of "Three From Rome," the intimate revue by three Italian artists at the Palace Theatre. This suffers—in spite of a fertility of ideas—from a certain monotony, a consciousness that while half an hour might be a good thing, two hours can pall: the accents are distracting.

Up at Norwich, during the Jacobean Festival, I found myself in the murk of "The White Devil." John Webster (some-one once said unpardonably) was a man about the tomb in Rome and Padua. It was equally unpardonable, I think, to call him (as somebody else did) "a link in the great chain of creative metaphysical schizoid thought which, long after all pyknic thought has been forgotten, will light up the centuries." He was, simply, a fine dramatist with a worm in the mind. As a charnel-play "The White Devil" is miraculous; but its verbal atmospherics do need the firmest treatment. If ever a company has to get its teeth into a play and to shake it, this is the play; and the gallant Maddermarket actors could not grip the verse. Again and again they appeared to be dabbling when they should have attacked: it was a sudden relief to get Vittoria Corombona rising for a minute or so to splendid life on her exit from the trial. I admire the work the Maddermarket does; and its director, Frank Harwood, knows how to deal with his Elizabethan stage. It is just that "The White Devil" must have the fullest scorch of passion: that is something the present cast cannot achieve.

Forward to Gauguin's South Seas: John Gardner's opera, "The Moon and Sixpence" (Sadler's Wells) needs, I think, to be heard several times: it does not strike home at once. Leslie Hurry's bold settings remain in the mind more strongly than Mr. Gardner's extremely interesting and debatable score.

Forward again—to "Macook's Corner," a little play by George Shiels (about matters monetary and matrimonial) that the Ulster Group Theatre acted with relish and idiosyncratic good humour on its visit to the Colchester Repertory. And, finally, forward to Cornwall as represented at the Cambridge Theatre, London, in Gerald Savory's "A Month of Sundays." I wish I believed in this little comedy. It is about an escapist, back-to-the-land publisher and his family who go to ground in remotest Cornwall, and the dithering, sponging Major who looks in on them, and who lingers. This fellow is A. E. Matthews, and that is a good deal; but Mr. Savory has not really thought of much for his company to do or say. There are some brisk remarks on plumbing; otherwise it is a harmless routine comedy set in a Cornwall one is unlikely to meet (except on the stage) in a month of Sundays.

As a rule, when I think of a stage Cornwall—and let me borrow a phrase from "Julius Cæsar"—I swell and rage and foam. Here it is possible to keep calm, and to suggest that if anyone can "strive with things impossible, yea get the better of them," it is Major Matthews.



**"THE TROJANS"**  
AT COVENT  
GARDEN: THE  
FIRST FULL  
ENGLISH  
PERFORMANCE  
OF BERLIOZ'  
GREAT OPERA.

(Right.)  
A SCENE FROM THE COVENT  
GARDEN PRODUCTION OF BERLIOZ'  
OPERA "THE TROJANS": DIDO  
(BLANCHE THEBOM) ADDRESSES  
HER PEOPLE IN THE SECOND HALF,  
"THE TROJANS AT CARTHAGE."



AMY SHUARD AS CASSANDRA IN THE FIRST  
PART OF THE OPERA, "THE FALL OF TROY"  
IN THE SECOND SHE APPEARS AS THE GHOST  
OF CASSANDRA.

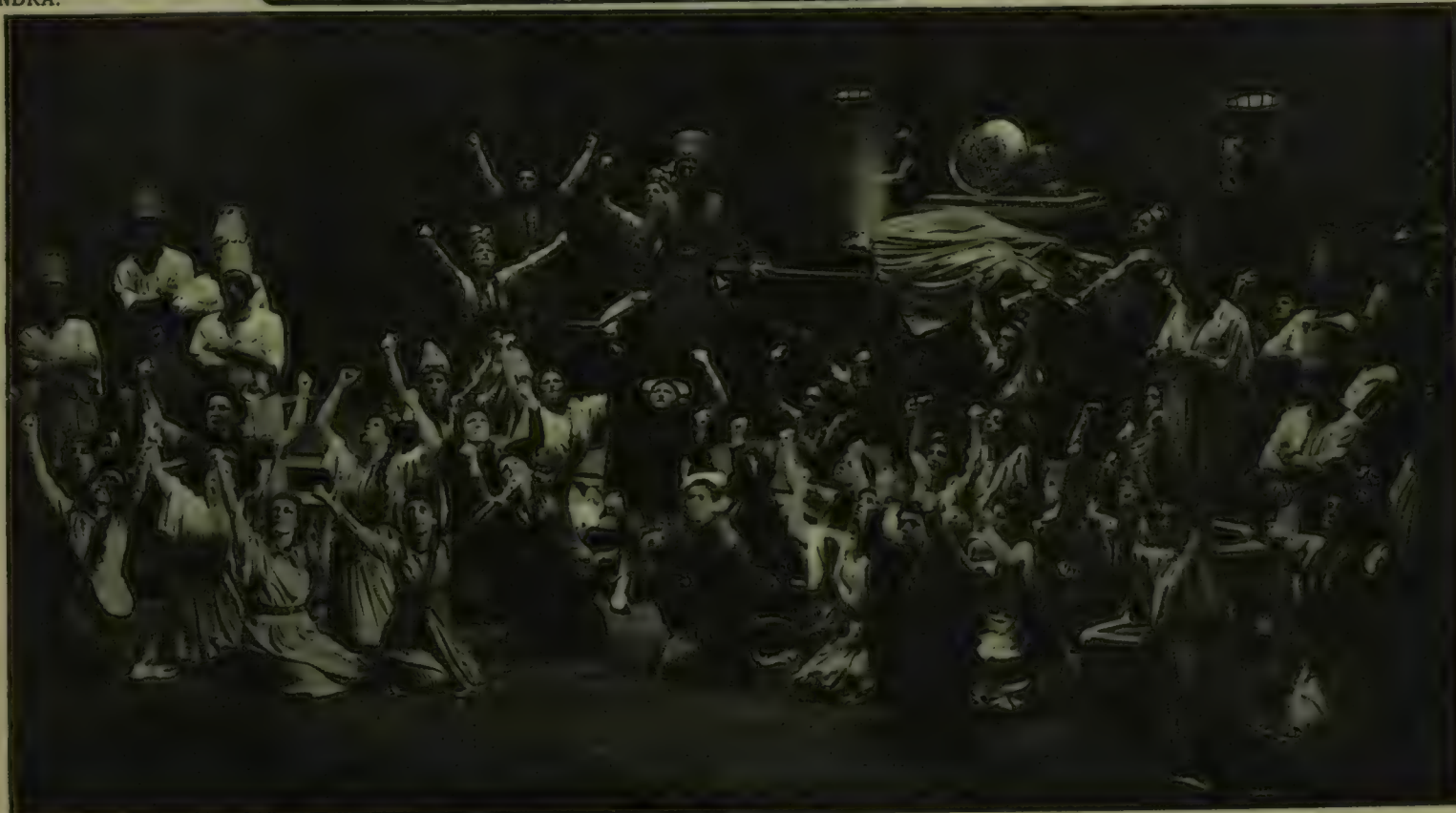


JON VICKERS, THE CANADIAN TENOR, IN THE  
ROLE OF AENEAS. HE HAS APPEARED AT  
COVENT GARDEN IN "CARMEN" AND "THE  
MASKED BALL" WITH MARKED DISTINCTION.

(Above, centre.)  
BLANCHE THEBOM,  
THE AMERICAN  
MEZZO-SOPRANO,  
MAKING HER ENGLISH  
DEBUT AS DIDO, IN  
THE SECOND PART.

Four upper photographs  
specially taken for  
"The Illustrated London  
News" by Houston  
Rogers.

(Right.)  
THE IMPRESSIVE  
FINALE: AS THE  
DEAD QUEEN DIDO  
LIES ON THE PYRE,  
AFTER THE DEPART-  
URE OF AENEAS, THE  
CARTHAGINIANS  
CURSE THE TROJANS  
AND PROPHECY THE  
FUTURE GREATNESS  
OF ROME.



These photographs are of the major production of the opera "The Trojans," by Hector Berlioz, which the Royal Opera House announced for June 6, 11, 14, 20, 29 and July 2, 8 and 11. This greatest of Berlioz' operatic works had an unlucky history, and the first full performance was not given until 1890, twenty-one years after Berlioz' death. It is a long work, though not as long as several of Wagner's, and is difficult to stage. It was performed in concert form at Liverpool in 1897 and in a reduced form at Oxford in 1950. It falls

into two parts, "The Fall of Troy" and "The Trojans at Carthage"; and these parts are sometimes performed separately. For the Covent Garden production the English translation by Professor Dent is being used; and the production is by Sir John Gielgud, this being his first operatic production. The conductor is Mr. Rafael Kubelik, and the scenery and costumes have been designed by Mr. Mariano Andreu. The choreography is by Miss Meriel Evans of the Royal Ballet. The performances all begin at 6 p.m. and last approximately 4½ hours.



## A HEBREW MOSAIC DISCOVERY; EXHIBITIONS; AND AN ACQUISITION IN LONDON.



AN IMPORTANT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY NEAR THE GAZA STRIP: A SECTION—WITH A VIVID STUDY OF AN ELEPHANT—OF THE MOSAICS AT NIRIM.

A team of ploughmen working near Nirim, close to the Gaza Strip, made what has proved to be one of Israel's most important archæological finds for many years. After one of the ploughs had struck a hard object the driver uncovered a small section of a mosaic floor. After some argument it was decided not to plough over the area but to call in the Israeli Department of Antiquities. An excavation party, headed by Mr. S. Levi, cleared the area and uncovered



ONE OF THE JEWISH RITUAL SYMBOLS IN THE MOSAIC FLOOR OF THE ANCIENT SYNAGOGUE AT NIRIM: A MENORAH.

the remains of an ancient synagogue, one of the largest found in the Holy Land, with a floor space of 13 by 17 metres. The floor of the main hall (about 5 by 10 metres) is covered with excellently preserved and most colourful mosaics, including both Jewish religious symbols and pagan subjects in its design, which are of a generally Antioch style. Coins of the reign of Justinian I and Tiberius II were also found on the site.



SHOWING THE EXCELLENT STATE OF PRESERVATION OF THE LARGE MOSAIC FLOOR DISCOVERED AT NIRIM: A DESIGN WITH A BIRD IN A CAGE.



AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS SUMMER EXHIBITION: "THE BANQUETING HALL, KNEBWORTH," BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., HON. R.B.A. (Lent by the Dowager Countess of Lytton.)



"THE RT. HON. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H.," A RECENT CHALK DRAWING BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY, PRESIDENT OF THE R.B.A.

The 227th Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is to be seen at their Suffolk Street Galleries until June 29. Included in the wide selection of work on view are this striking painting by Sir Winston Churchill, and Mr. Halliday's drawing of Sir Winston, which is a study for the official portrait this artist is painting for Parliament House, Wellington, New Zealand.



AT THE L.C.C.'S OPEN AIR EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE IN HOLLAND PARK: "LOT'S WIFE," A CARVING IN PERSPEX BY ARTHUR FLEISCHMANN, A.R.B.S.

The fourth London County Council open-air exhibition of sculpture is to be seen in the beautiful setting of Holland Park until September. Both contemporary and nineteenth-century sculptures are shown.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN IMPORTANT FRENCH SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY WITH A SCENE FROM THE STORY OF PSYCHE.

This large tapestry, which is now to be seen in the New Acquisitions Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is a magnificent example dating from the 1650's of the work of the high-warp looms in Paris. It is in superbly fresh condition and shows Zephyr carrying the two sisters through the air towards Psyche's palace. (9 ft. 9 ins. by 16 ft. 3 ins.)





TO BE CEREMONIALLY OPENED BY H.M. THE QUEEN ON JUNE 25 : CUTTY SARK, THE FAMOUS TEA CLIPPER, WHICH, WITH HER MASTS TOWERING MAJESTICALLY ABOVE THE SURROUNDING HOUSES, MAKES A STRIKING NEW LONDON LANDMARK.

*Cutty Sark*, one of the most famous of the old tea clippers, has been refitted and placed in a permanent shore berth at Greenwich, and is to be ceremonially opened by the Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, on June 25. The historic ship will be on view to the public and will serve as a permanent memorial in London to the Merchant Navy. A part of the ship is to be used for nautical training classes. The recently appointed Master of *Cutty Sark* is Commodore Sir Roy Gill. Her berth is near Greenwich Pier and the Naval College, the railings of which are seen at the right of our drawing. The cost of the refit

and the construction of the dry berth are being met out of the substantial funds raised by the appeal of The *Cutty Sark* Society, which was launched in 1952. Now that the refitting and berthing have been completed, the Society, through its Education Committee, is continuing with its schemes for founding Bursaries to help with the education of boys wanting a nautical career and for establishing classes to be held in *Cutty Sark*. The historic clipper was built 87 years ago and was one of the fastest sailing ships of her day. Her mainmast is approximately 155 ft. high.

*Drawn by our Special Artist Dennis Flanders.*



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT has become a routine to cry down paintings as "literary," even (and very frequently) where the word has no meaning. To describe works of fiction as pictorial might be thought less abusive, but might, on the other hand, have no more sense in it. So one must take care. All the same, for the four stories in "Death of a Huntsman," by H. E. Bates (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), the irresistible word is "compositions," of course in the studio, not in the schoolroom context. This implies something much rarer than the all-too-common effect of being "made up"—yet not, I should say, wholly admirable.

Though there is so much to admire. The stories have unity of theme:

all are concerned with the devastations wrought by Blake's monster, the Female Will. Nevertheless, they are widely different. They are good stories, in the elemental sense of inducing one to read on. And once more, they are wonderfully "composed." Perhaps the best place to isolate this quality is where the action is least gripping, in the title-story. Harry Barnfield, a forlorn, middle-aged cherub disguised as a city gent and Sunday farmer, stumbles into radiant love with a very young, oppressed girl, the daughter of an old flame. This woman has practically forbidden her daughter to grow up, and she now puts a fiendish spoke in the wheel. The background is exquisite: so exquisite that from the moment Harry steps out of the 5.10 and takes a deep breath of English countryside, one has a foreboding that any possible action is outclassed. And so it proves. We experience the trysting-place by the lake, the glow of ungathered quinces on the little island, the fall of the last quince at summer's end—not the human situation. Only the mother is an effective presence: and that in a stylised way, as the *tableau vivant* of an ex-bright young thing, a "piece of old wedding-cake in a silvered box." She gains nothing by doing anything.

This is the extreme case. In the other stories, of the nocturnal, recluse wife and the lorry-driver, the runaway tourist wife and the shipping clerk, the pert, callous adolescent and her elderly pick-up, scene and events are much better fused. However, the young girl's tale suffers from being in the first person; whereas the two middle ones are unflawed, though they have still an inner cold and a suggestion of *tableaux vivants*. For example, the recluse's husband is less a real old man than a maggot discovered in the conservatory; he can't get beyond that. But the maggot is striking; the manipulation and brushwork are refined.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Scapegoat," by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz; 15s.), springs from the very opposite inspiration. It is a best-seller born, and might be crudely and generically described as a nonsense-novel. The narrator, a dim English lecturer in French history, is at the moment heading for a retreat in *la Grande-Trappe*. Because his life is a void; because he has never been close to anyone, has no ties. Just then, at the station buffet in Le Mans, he encounters his living image. This other self, Jean de Gué, has no scruples and a surfeit of ties; and so our hero wakes up in a hotel bedroom as "Monsieur le Comte." He lets himself be driven "home" to the *château*. There he finds a large, variously miserable and unpleasant family, together with a small glass foundry on the rocks and a bloody skeleton in the cupboard. None of his pseudo-dearest think him unlike himself; and in a week, after some initial blunders, he has redeemed the whole situation. Absurd, of course: but real, pure-bred storytelling. The romantic backgrounds never suggest, as with Mr. Bates, that nothing worthy of them will happen; they make one feel things are going to happen. And the action lives up to them. It is always in flow.

"A Tale of Three Places," by Edgar Mittelholzer (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), contains a great deal about social life and atmosphere in the West Indies—just as one would choose. Its hero is an earnest, rather adolescent young man, torn between love of his native Trinidad and revolt from its sloppiness and want of standards. Secretly, he yearns to escape to England and never come back. He is also torn between fondness for the English wife of his best friend, superfluous loyalty to her husband, a corrupt politician, and hankerings for a *grand amour*. Of course, the story has interest, and it has a lush energy. But it is unpruned—in fact, a welter.

"The Three Beans," by Manning Coles (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), once more presents Tommy Hambledon of the Secret Service: this time at Arnage-sur-Loire, where a young agent named Power has been killed in a *soi-disant* road accident. But apart from his late mysterious allusions to "something big," the crash had two witnesses—a well-known Spanish psychiatrist and his "disturbed" patient, who are none other than those riotous unofficial aides, Forgan and Campbell. They find a bullet in his head. . . . Mr. Coles is one of the blithiest exponents of that very engaging genre, the comedy-thriller; and here both fun and incident are up to the mark.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AN enjoyed, in fact almost beloved, feature of all chess congresses is communal analysis of the more interesting positions reached.

Resignation of an interesting game is almost invariably followed by anything up to an hour of examination of what might have been, in which interested onlookers often join freely. So entrancing are some of the possibilities brought to light, that I have seen a player completely charmed out of his chagrin at losing and, within a few minutes of a depressing defeat, chirruping as happily as the rest.

This word "chirruping" is a fitting one, for an inescapable feature of these analyses is the spectator who hops about twittering on the edge of a bunch of analysts, barely able to discern the board and men through the forest of heads, but not allowing this to prevent him from twittering advice and suggestions: On the Continent and in New York, he is called a "kibitzer," which I believe means "pee-wit" in German (or something of the sort)—a wholly suitable nickname.

Every now and again, when somebody pulls out a move of exceptional brilliance, there is a momentary hush of enjoyment and admiration. More often than not, however, at least ten people will be talking at once, their subject-matter being fairly divided between criticism of the last move essayed and suggestions as to the next.

Moves on the board itself, in the course of the analysis, follow with kaleidoscopic rapidity. The players rush away along an alluring mental path, but find a crushing rejoinder at the end; retrace their steps, several helping hands reaching over to replace the pieces on their original squares; then try another tack. All this, again and again and again until they have, to their own satisfaction, exhausted the possibilities of that particular position from the actual game when, by tacit consent, they pass on to the next.

A lot of the procedure, in fact, can be described as tacit. Who shall actually move the pieces? Priority goes normally to the better player. But from time to time a relative tyro, thinking he sees something usually clever, will pluck up courage, grab a piece, and ask "Why not this move?" As a rule, he will have completely overlooked some simple but overwhelming reply, whereupon the group turns on him with withering scorn and he retires discomfited. Very, very occasionally, he will have unearthed something which really is brilliant (and even then, the real potentialities may only dawn on him slowly in the subsequent analysis, though he will keep very quiet about this). If he can achieve the dizzy heights of earning one of those momentary hushes of general admiration, he will almost burst with suppressed pride and—especially if he is very young and has earned a word of appreciation from a real master—may spend a sleepless night through sheer exhilaration.

Occasionally two analysts will grab the same piece simultaneously and try to move it to different squares. There will be a gust of laughter; the battle may be won by the stronger, or the better player—or merely the one who is less helpless with mirth. Once I saw a medium-class player start to try out a really bad move. A loud groan from a watching master pulled him up short. Puzzled, he again made to pick up the piece on which his misguided mind was fixed. The master shrieked with pain; the move would lose whereas, by moving a different piece, the offender could win the game at once. But he just couldn't see it. As his hand closed over the piece for the third time, it was torn from his grasp and hurled out of the window!

## A WAR HISTORY; RAILWAYS; AND SEA ADVENTURES.

IT is a pity that publishers cannot on occasion resist the temptation to gild a perfectly adequate lily. Those who pick up "H.M.S. Fidelity," by Marcel Jullian (Souvenir Press; 18s.), may be over-excited by the blurb, and by the sub-title: "The full story of the war's most secret ship." (The truth of which statement I very much doubt.) This is a pity, for the story told, as it is, by Marcel Jullian in an admirably straightforward way, is as remarkable as it is exciting. After the fall of France, there came from Las Palmas (where two agents of the Deuxième Bureau who had been recalled from the Middle East had done an excellent job sabotaging a German ship with the first limpet mines) a battered old French tramp, *Le Rhône*.

Anchored in Gibraltar Harbour, the bulk of the crew mutinied and opted to return to Vichy France. With the assistance of Admiral Muselier (later, as I recall, to be nicknamed by an exasperated Whitehall, the "Mussel") her complement was made up to strength. The set-up was, however, extraordinary. Her putative captain took his orders from the *de facto* commander, a fantastic character, one of the Deuxième Bureau agents, of the name of Lieutenant Costa. The other Deuxième Bureau agent was a woman, Madeleine Guesclin, who remained aboard *Le Rhône* throughout her career, and perished with the rest of the crew when she finally sank. Costa was a figure of fantasy. By dint of methods which can only be described as blackmail, he forced the British Admiralty to take *Le Rhône* and all her crew on the strength of the Royal Navy. She came to Britain, where she was rechristened H.M.S. *Fidelity*, and where every member of her complement took on a British name. If truth be told, H.M.S. *Fidelity* achieved very little. She managed to land a few agents on the French coast, but most of her missions ended in failure. This was not, however, any fault of the redoubtable Costa, alias Commander Langlais, and his crew. They were gluttons for adventure, and the most gluttonous was their Commander. Although H.M.S. *Fidelity* was, as I say, on the strength of the Royal Navy, I doubt whether their Lordships of the Admiralty would altogether have approved of her Commanding Officer's methods of maintaining discipline. An appalling smash in the face with his right fist was the least that a member of the crew could expect from Commander Langlais if the slightest tendency to grumble or hesitation in carrying out an order was shown. On one occasion the cook, exasperated beyond endurance, was a little slow in bringing his breakfast. His Commanding Officer thereupon went to the galley and bumped him up and down—the seat of the cook's trousers was almost singed through—on top of his red-hot stove, until a suitably abject apology was forthcoming. When they were in convoy in the Mediterranean "on the pretext of one of the escorting ships replying to his request for Gordons gin by offering to send another brand, he let them have a burst from his machine-gun." Nevertheless, Naval Intelligence regarded him as being of such value that they managed to smooth over these and other escapades with their infuriated Lordships. Ultimately, on a secret mission to the Far East, H.M.S. *Fidelity* got separated from a heavily attacked convoy, and is thought to have been torpedoed somewhere near the Azores. Anyhow, she vanished without trace, and all her fantastic and gallant crew with her. An astonishing and fascinating book.

An excellent publication which should be read in conjunction with Sir Winston Churchill's books and Sir Arthur Bryant's "Alanbrooke Diaries" is "The Defence of the United Kingdom," by Basil Collier (H.M.S.O.; 50s.). This official history, fully-documented and with admirable illustrations and maps, describes the problems of home defence from the period between the wars, through the Battle of Britain and the threat of invasion, to the assaults on London and the Home Counties by flying bombs and rockets. It is so well done that it needs little praise from me, but I think that the intelligent reader will find the early chapters on our starry-eyed attempts between the wars to plan our defence on a shoe-string both interesting and, in view of present events, not a little alarming.

"Sometimes," says Mr. William Albert Robinson, author of "To the Great Southern Sea" (Peter Davies; 18s.), "I think all who live in Tahiti—

animals, birds, and people—are a little crazy, and myself a little more so; for it is hard to explain why anyone in his right mind would want to leave Tahiti and the world's most wonderful climate to sail 5000 miles through the Roaring Forties over the most deserted and unpleasant stretch of ocean in the world—to visit Patagonia and the world's worst climate." But Mr. Robinson, crazy or not, did so, and has added another book which will rank beside his "Deep Water and Shoal" as a classic on long-distance sailing and adventure.

For those for whom a heaving deck has small attractions, "World Railways—1956-57," edited by Henry Sampson (Sampson Low; 4 gns.), will prove a welcome contrast. This is one of those text-books which are a "must" for libraries—and a joy to the not inconsiderable number of amateurs of railways and railway travel.

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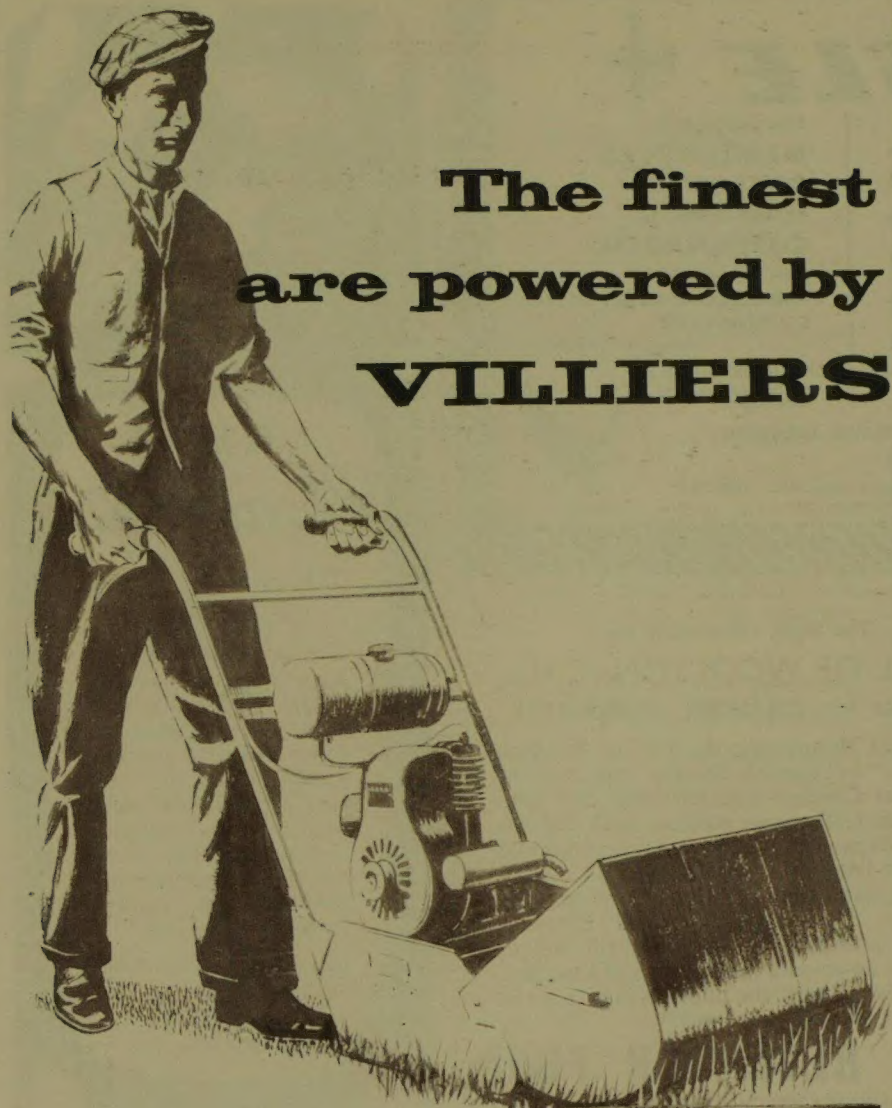
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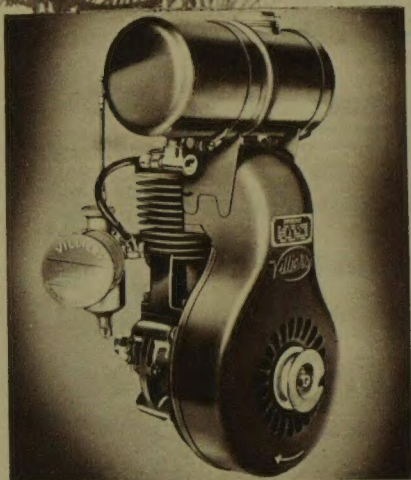


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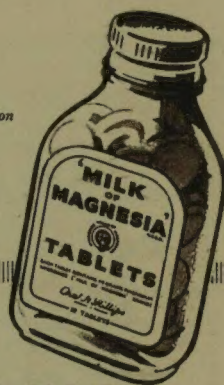
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**A MAN'S MEASURE**

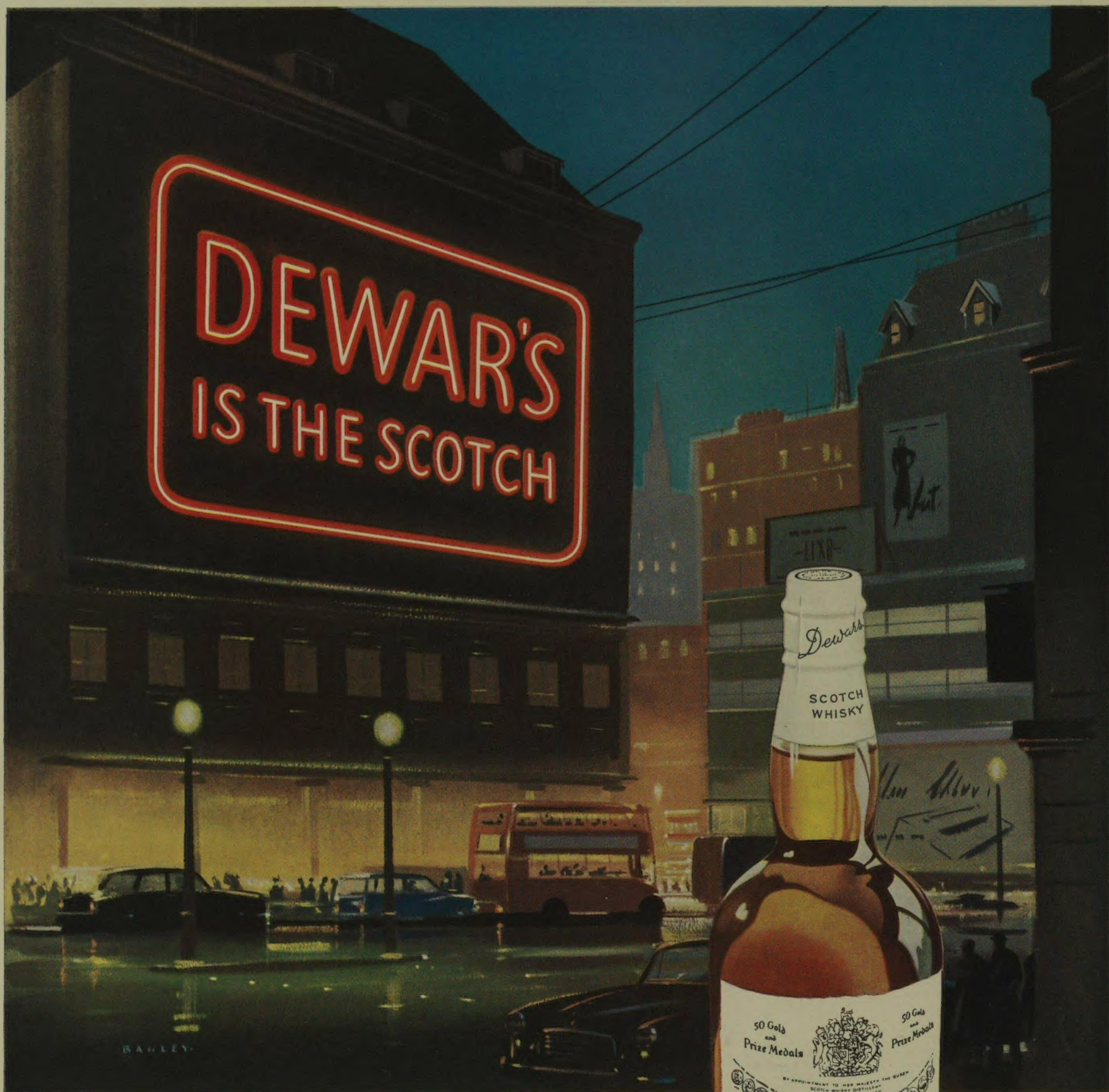
Most good Tailors warmly approve of Vantella Shirts, and the Van Heusen collars which go with them—very naturally they desire their skill to be set off to the best advantage. Longer sleeve lengths, too, are readily obtainable in white and plain colours; buttons cling unusually well and with remarkable tenacity to their appointed place, and the new Pattern Cards perfectly solve the problem of what is exactly right for any suit. Every good Outfitter sells Vantella Shirts, because they are very good shirts indeed.

Apply for fully illustrated Pattern Card from:

Advertising Manager, **VANTELLA**,  
Aertex House, 465 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

*Add Tone to Good Tailoring*





EVENING — and one by one men are turning out the lights on their working day. Tonight, quietly at home or gaily abroad, they are once again husbands, hosts, friends among friends. Those who have learned to savour each moment of their leisure hours will crown contentment with a glass (or two) of Dewar's "White Label".



*It never varies*